

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The rising young statesman who is supposed to edit the *World* in spare moments not devoted to amalgamating newspapers, apportioning constituencies and handing out lieutenant-governorships, has at last been forced by the clamor of his fellow-countrymen to drop larger matters for a moment and pay some attention to such trifles as the government of Ontario. In the *World* of Monday he takes the leader of the Ontario Opposition in hand and gives him a few points on how to manage the business of making Sir Oliver Mowat "go." Of course Mr. *World's* ripe experience as leader of the party in East York for a couple of years entitles him to stop Mr. Meredith in the market-place and in a loud voice lecture him on the art of government. Our thankfulness over this eminent authority on party leadership having found time to teach Mr. Meredith politics, is so great that we may find no fault with the somewhat patronizing air and public parade with which he conveys his words of wisdom to the gentleman who has been leader of the Ontario Opposition for the past fourteen years. Nor are those friends of Mr. Meredith who have stood by him through good and evil report permitted by this knowing one to pass without admonition. These thoughtless people are called his "admirers," and are told that they have been "overloading Mr. Meredith with unnecessary laudations." That too much praise has been bestowed upon the Ontario leader by those who should have been his friends, will probably be news to the majority of his followers. Just what measure of appreciation should be shown to a public man may be hard to define, but many people, doubtless ill-informed, have felt that Mr. Meredith has been much neglected, that Conservative politicians and newspapers have mostly concerned themselves with the Ottawa Government; possibly not so much because that Government has patronage to bestow and postoffices to build, as that it is composed of men who come nearer the *World's* ideal of what politicians should be and how they should behave.

I am particularly pointed out as a sinner in respect of being too great an admirer of the Ontario leader, and am told to kneel at the feet of the oracle and shudder with repentance because of the alleged habit of speaking of Mr. Meredith "as if he were a very god." According to the reproof I have regarded him as a "pure-minded, white-souled politician away above the ordinary, a sort of Sanctified and Purified Political Serenity set above and beyond average politicians." To show how mistaken I have been I am subsequently taken by the hand and told that "even the Homeric gods and goddesses while they sat on thrones on Heavenly Olympus had the passions and weaknesses of mortals implanted in their minds divine." How well we all recognize this Homeric passage! It is evidently the belief of the editor of the *World* that as an astute politician he must never permit anyone to remain unaware that he and Homer are quite chummy. Whether addressing the senate of the University or the farmers of East York, he always introduces Homer into his discourses, and if Mr. Meredith is at all receptive he should take the hint and show a greater familiarity not only with properly leading up a voters' list, but also with Homeric lays.

But as to the charge that I have endeavored to invest Mr. Meredith with a godlike halo, I can only say that if it has appeared so to the *World* it has not appeared so to me. I have never clambered over Olympus and am probably unacquainted with the line of gods with which the editor of the *World* has familiarized himself, nor do I know what constitutes a "Sanctified and Purified Political Serenity," though it is a phrase I certainly should not apply to Mr. Meredith's critic. As compared with Sir Oliver Mowat, I have often pointed out that the leader of the Opposition makes no pretension to sanctity, nor does he go about robed as a Christian politician, and I think those who have read what I have said will not accuse me of going too far when others were forgetting their duty and loyalty, in occasionally pointing out the merits of a gentleman who may be too decent to be a politician pleasing to the *World*, but who certainly belongs to the highest type of our citizens.

I have not been alone in expressing the fear that a large class of Canadians have abandoned the hope of being governed by just, pure-minded and able leaders. That Mr. Joly was driven out of politics in Quebec; that Mackenzie, Blake and Laurier have been unsuccessful in the House of Commons; that D'Alton McCarthy has been forced into revolt by his party; that some of the best men in the Conservative ranks sit on back benches while others who are by no means above reproach occupy Cabinet places, all add coloring to the too prevalent theory that our political ideals have been degraded by a system of corruption from the contamination of which even the newspapers have not escaped. So low a plane is occupied by what the *World* calls the "average politician" that it is not a fulsome compliment to say that Mr. Meredith sits "above and beyond" him. Between the unwholesome valley in which the "average politician," by misfortune or necessity, is made to breathe an atmosphere laden with the stench of jobbery, insincerity, falsehood, bribery and trickery, and the heights of Olympus, there is a vast stretch of uplands which decent men might occupy without assuming to be gods. This district has probably been omitted from the geography of the gentleman who has his Homer and the East York voters' list bound be-

tween the same covers, but surely its existence should not be ignored by those who hope for better things, or who are at least opposed to a further descent into the mire.

Mr. A. S. Hardy is held up in the *World's* editorial as the gentleman Mr. Meredith should imitate. At this point we are able to fully discover what sort of an angel the *World* man has seen in his political dreams! Nor are we left in ignorance as to the variety of fighting that is desired. Mr. Meredith is told to fight more, "to hit as hard as he is able and as near to the belt as he can get," with a hint that if he gets a little under the belt he will be all the more acceptable. Evidently the *World* desires a political ruffian for a leader, and if so, I fear that its editor is wasting his time in instructing Mr. Meredith how to kick, stab, bite and browbeat his opponents.

Furthermore, the leader of the Opposition is told to get out "a mining and metal producing policy." Several people—who know very much less than the editor of the *World*, of course—think it wise for Mr. Meredith to wait until Sir Oliver Mowat has finally refused to enunciate his policy before committing himself, and thus placing all his ammunition at the service of his opponents. My own belief is that Sir Oliver Mowat's Government are using every method in their power to lead the Conservatives into coaxing and bullying them into bonusing smelters and undertaking mining operations. After having been sufficiently coaxed and criticized they will yield to the demand of the Opposition and enrich some of their friends by

ferred. If Mr. Meredith cannot lead a party without being instructed by the *World* he certainly should retire. If the editor of that paper has any advice to offer he should offer it in private or ask for a convention where a consensus of opinion may be obtained and a policy decided upon. Mr. Meredith has been defeated in the past by those so-called National Policy Conservatives who support the Mowat Government in Ontario and the Conservative Government at Ottawa, and are actuated by selfish motives in both instances. Dominion politicians have deliberately traded votes in close constituencies to the discomfiture and defeat of the Ontario Opposition. In the past the National Policy has overshadowed everything and the *World* has been one of the apostles of this sort of thing. It is not likely to continue to be the only thing in sight and Mr. Meredith's friends believe that he can win, not by degrading himself to the level that the *World* would like to see him descend to, but because he has been a patient and patriotic leader who has done so much for his province that the electors should be easily convinced that under his guidance no interest of the province would be permitted to suffer, that nepotism would cease, that the rights stolen by the Mowat Government from the people would be restored to the electors and jobbing in offices stopped. Can the electors be convinced of this if Mr. Meredith follows the *World's* advice and tries to re-create himself in the image of a Hardy or a Maclean? Indeed, is it not the presence of such men as the editor of the *World* in the Conservative party that makes the electorate suspicious of Mr. Mer-

30,000 of those people live—many of them in underground dens as thick as vermin—investigate their habits, see two score of them congregated in a room not eight feet high or fourteen feet square, some of them stupefied with opium, others smoking the deadly drug, the air so foul that a white man cannot breathe it for more than five minutes, they would get a different notion of what the Chinese question really means. If they studied the history of the Highbinders, the hired blackmailers and assassins of the Six Companies; if they saw the dreadful women prepared from childhood for a life of prostitution, visited the theaters and the joss houses, they would not clamor so wildly for the retention of a horde of Asiatics who are degrading and ruining the wage-earners of the Pacific coast. It is to be noticed that these reverend gentlemen are not abandoning profitable pastures to go as missionaries to Chinatown; they have no fear that the Chinese will compete with them in their profession, and with them as with others, but slight aversion is felt towards those with whom they are not in competition or conflict. Almost without exception the Chinese in America are slaves of the Six Companies, who export them from China and seize upon a large share of their earnings while they are in this country.

It is true that the whites on the Pacific coast were once glad to employ Chinese cheap labor; it is also true that the planters of the South believed they would be ruined were they to lose their slaves. It has been proven that slavery was a curse to the South, and the

Ridicule is being heaped upon the Declaration of Independence because it begins, by asserting that all men are born free and equal, while under the constitution of which this is a preamble an act could be passed expelling Chinamen from the United States. Even accepting the doctrine that all men are born free and equal, it is not a nation's business to squander its resources in protecting other nations while its own citizens are suffering. The United States as a nation is not called upon to send an army to South America to protect the Peruvians from the Chilians; failing to do this, it does not nullify the declaration that all men are born free and equal. If China were to send an armed force to capture America, according to the doctrine of the humanitarians the people of the United States would be unchristian in resenting the entrance of such an army. Yet this is just what China is doing: the Mongolian who comes to America is not coming into either Canada or the United States to become a citizen, or even with the hope of becoming a citizen. He comes as a foreigner; the result of his coming is the degradation of labor and the impoverishment of the nation. Have not the United States just as much right to resist the invasion of the Chinese in one instance as in the other? If the Chinese army had gained an entrance it would be considered quite Christian to drive them out. The Chinese as individuals have gained an entrance; they are as hostile to the institutions of this continent as if they came by force of arms to destroy them, and their expulsion is thoroughly wise, Christian and proper, and the less the church parliaments meddle with such questions the less they will antagonize the working classes, who are already none too friendly towards the high priests, who without knowledge of the circumstances or regard to the result can never be persuaded to leave politics and law-making alone.

I do not know whether this gold cure, of which so much is being said and taken, is likely to prove a blessing to the race. Anything which does away with the feeling that as we sow so must we reap, is not calculated to strengthen the will or to purify the morals. If a man feels that he can indulge in liquor until he becomes almost a maniac and then go to a gold cure establishment and have the appetite eradicated from his system, he is very apt to continue his excesses far beyond the point he would have been apt to reach had he not felt certain that he could obtain a remedy without the self-sacrifice and deprivation necessary to effect a reform with his own will as the main agent. Of course I do not admit in this that there is such a thing as removing the alcoholic habit by the gold cure; in fact, I do not believe there is any such thing. Though a man may be treated in such a way as to build him up and remove for a time the craving caused by a long continued and excessive use of alcohol, yet after all the will must be relied upon and temptation must be avoided. Thus it appears that if a man can continue sober long enough to permit his system to resume its normal condition and is thoroughly determined to resist the old habit, keeps himself busy and avoids temptation, he is quite as likely to become cured as if he went to some institution which professes to do great things.

I read somewhere—I am not sure whether it was in a local paper or some other—that a legislature was asked to pass, or did pass, a law intended to force habitual drunkards to take the gold cure, and it was intended that provision should be made for his necessary expenses. Even a dullard can see in this the hand of the gold cure quacks; not enough grief is going to their mill voluntarily and they wish to call to their assistance the coercive arm of the law. This, however, is a reputable method compared with some which are being practiced by "institutions" overly anxious for patients. A prominent merchant told me not long ago that one of the travelers of the firm to which he belongs corresponded with a doctor who was doing this business. The young man, who was not really a victim of alcoholism, had been frightened as to his condition by a gold cure circular. After receiving the information he desired as to the cost of "treatment" he attended to his own case, but the "doctor" was not to be so easily baffled. He found out the name of the firm for which the young man traveled and addressed my informant a letter, saying that his traveler desired to take the gold treatment and urging him to release him for a month and, if necessary, to advance the money required. The merchant was astonished and told me that he considered it nothing but blackmail. Touters for these "institutions" may easily ruin a man's character by using these methods. By a little spying they can find out young men who habitually use stimulants and by addressing such letters to their employers, hoping to force them into taking the gold cure, they are very likely to deprive them of their positions. Business men should recognize the blackmailing element in all such communications and refuse to be influenced thereby.

Not being a descriptive writer, I feel somewhat embarrassed by the rash promise I made in last week's issue to endeavor to describe the scenery along the Canadian Pacific Railway. Along the north shore I know the scenery well; before the road was finished I went over it on a hand-car and have long held my experience in reserve, believing that I would find in the many little adventures and episodes

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A TIFF.

putting the money where it will do the most good, and where most of it will trickle back into an election fund. In fact—I hope I say it in a proper spirit of humility—I do not think the *World's* advice is wise. If we want a mining and metal producing policy we have a right to demand that the Mowat Government give it to us, and the *World* is really asking Mr. Meredith to do exactly the thing which a few paragraphs previously they reprove him for doing, when they say that he has let his opponents too often take advantage of him.

Furthermore, Mr. Meredith is told to organize. Of course he has nothing to do but go around the country and call meetings in schoolhouses. It is the party's business to organize. I am told he went into his last campaign with about twelve hundred and fifty dollars with which to furnish pamphlets and organize Ontario. All the money spent in Ontario on the organization of the Conservative party is for the Dominion House. It is all right to shout out "Organize!" It is very easy for newspapers that do nothing for Mr. Meredith except just at election times to shout "Organize!" It is quite the popular thing for men who are so busy passing round the hat for themselves that they have no time to raise any money to carry on a general campaign, to become wild for a good big fight at somebody else's expense, but organization cannot be accomplished without funds for the many legitimate purposes of an election, without an organizer paid to do the work, without men who will surround the leader and be faithful to him all the year round and from election to election.

It certainly is not helpful to a party when a paper supposed to support its cause, publishes such an article as the one to which I have re-

ferred. If Mr. Meredith cannot lead a party without being instructed by the *World* he certainly should retire. If the editor of that paper has any advice to offer he should offer it in private or ask for a convention where a consensus of opinion may be obtained and a policy decided upon.

Some of the newspapers in opposing the scheme of bringing water by gravitation from the Upper Lakes say that it is unnecessary, for the water in Lake Ontario here at our doors came from there. The purest water in the world is that which comes from the heavens; the water lying in a mud-hole on the street came from the heavens, consequently it is the purest water in the world if their reasoning amounts to anything more than a jibe at a system which will eventually have to be adopted. It is not where water comes from that concerns us most, but whether or not it passes through filth before we get it. If people only talked about things they understood and always endeavored to be just, these cheap jeers would be much less frequent and common sense more prevalent.

While on the point regarding knowledge of a subject preventing the darkening of counsel by words without wisdom, I might remark that the Presbytery of the United States is denouncing the Geary Act and the expulsion of the unregistered Chinese from the United States. These clergymen are no doubt well versed in theology, and if they stick to it long enough will probably convict Dr. Briggs of being a heretic and thereby split their denomination in two, but I am doubtful if they know very much about the Chinese question on the Pacific coast. I do not profess to know much about it myself, but I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting the Chinese quarters in Victoria and San Francisco when I was out there a couple of weeks ago. If the reverend gentlemen would take a trip through that section of San Francisco called Chinatown, see where

people in that part of the United States are now suffering from the sins of their forefathers. The curse of Chinese slavery is being inflicted upon the coast. Honest white labor is driven away because it will not degrade itself in competition with the Mongolians. Had the Chinese never entered the Pacific territories that rich country would have been better settled and the problem of labor would have been nearer its solution than now. Had white men been employed in building the railroads many of them would have become settlers, and the money paid to them would have been retained in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California. As it is, the money is now in China and much of the land is still vacant. It is useless for the Presbytery to declare that it is unchristian and improper to deport the Chinese when the white people of the coast, rich and poor alike, who are thoroughly familiar with the whole question and with John Chinaman himself, are clamoring to be relieved of the presence of such an undesirable and unassimilative element. It is not merely the Sand Lot orators and the laborers who are demanding the removal of the unregistered Chinese; it is the whole population, for all of them are affected. I did not find a man or woman on the coast in favor of the retention of a Mongolian pest. Is it wise then for the Presbytery to talk abstractions and try to hinder those who are suffering from ridding themselves of a people who do not come to America to build houses, who do not marry and raise families, who do not reclaim land or till farms except as slaves, but whose sole purpose is to gather together a little money to carry back to China? They all intend to go back to the Flowery Kingdom. If the Geary Act is enforced they will simply have to go back to China a little sooner than they intended and their kinsmen will not be permitted to take their places.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

Author of "Matavanda," "The Romance of La Tour."

WRITTEN FOR "SATURDAY NIGHT."

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Martin's visits to Mrs. Horton's were becoming frequent. People who recognized his horse and cutter wondered if there was anyone ill. One day, as he was getting into the cutter, after a rather prolonged call, a lady who happened to be passing at the time was sympathetic enough to make enquiries of him in behalf of the Horton household. He of course answered her as best he could, but after that left his cutter at home and walked.

The friendship between Martin and Miss Barker promised to be an eventful one. Martin was already in love, and from the encouragement he had received he believed that Miss Barker was not unfavorable to his suit, although he did not at present feel sure enough of his ground to make his regard for her known. Mrs. Horton had always been present during his visits, and consequently he had not had the opportunity to reveal anything more than what might have been observed in his countenance or inferred from his attentions. If, indeed, anything had been observed, or even inferred, he could not determine, since at the most critical moment Miss Barker had always provoked him by her apparent indifference.

One day, with a significant expression of countenance, Jack Roberts asked him how he was getting along with his new case. The reply was to the effect that he didn't believe he had succeeded in making an impression yet, and that it was harder to diagnose the symptoms of a woman's regard than it was to diagnose a case of typhoid. He believed that Roberts would have to wait a long time before he would have the opportunity to bestow his blessing, and he hoped that the next time he called Mrs. Horton would have the goodness to contract a cold, a headache, or anything that would confine her to her own room. He didn't approve of this chaperon business at all, and he wondered why it was insisted upon. Mrs. Horton was his friend, and he could not see why he was not to be left alone with Miss Barker for a few moments at least. Finally, he concluded that Miss Barker was the cause of it, and he felt somewhat piqued when the conviction dawned upon him. Now, Martin was a sensitive man, and when this knowledge (we will call it knowledge, for he had a great deal of faith in his perception) dawned upon him, he was not only hurt but began to lose confidence in himself. Had he been conceited, it is probable that he would have construed the matter in an entirely different light. As it was, however, he assumed a little of reserve, and began to lose hope. But being continually harassed with the maxim, "Faint heart never won fair lady," he more than once determined to give her to understand just how the matter stood, but failed always at the critical moment. More than once he felt that it was presumptuous of him to aspire to the hand of one who (in his own imagination) was so much superior to others. He did not believe there was anything about him that a woman would be likely to fall in love with, and he was on the point of giving up the matter, when his friend Roberts revived his drooping spirits with a little fatherly advice. For a long time after that he sat studying the portrait, and in a very devotional mood regarded it as his angel, and all that sort of thing. It is odd how silly a man gets when he is in love. Finally, he made up his mind that it was a case of now or never with him, so with Roberts' advice still ringing in his ears, and a hope that Mrs. Horton would not be at home, he set forth one evening to learn his fate. To his delight Mrs. Horton was not at home. Bertha was alone; but when she entered the drawing-room there was a sadness in her face that went straight to his heart. Nevertheless, she was glad to see him, and she was kind enough to show it. They got along very well for a time, but presently he noticed that while she seemed cheerful enough when talking, she appeared absorbed with her own thoughts when listening, and the sad expression of her face troubled him. He was not certain, but he thought she had been crying. Finally he rose to his feet. She was sitting before the fire, and he advanced a few steps until he stood beside her. As he rose she looked up with something like surprise in her expression, then as their eyes met, the lids of hers slowly drooped, and she looked again at the fire.

"Miss Barker," said he, "you are sad to-night. Something has happened; I fear that I have offended myself upon you. I hope you will pardon me. I shall try to make amends by bidding you good night."

Bertha was startled. She felt that she had been rude.

"Dr. Martin," said she quickly, "please do not go. You have not intruded. I am glad you came. Please pardon my apparent rudeness. You have been so kind. Please stay. I—I—need you."

It was the first time she had ever appealed to him. What a throb his heart gave! In that moment as he beheld her almost pleading look he nearly lost control of himself. He stepped to her side. He placed one hand upon the back of her chair and bowed above her. There was an earnest love light in his eyes which she could not mistake. In her own heart she knew she loved him, but she dared not let him see it. There were circumstances in her life which prevented it. With a mighty effort she broke from the spell and struggled to master the situation. She knew she had a difficult task. She knew she was on delicate ground, but she determined to make one brave effort to disarm him, and at the same time retain his friendship.

"You need me, Bertha?" said he, in a tone that despite her resolution thrilled her. It was the first time she had ever heard him pronounce her name, and until then she never knew how much music there was in it. One moment she allowed herself to enjoy it, then looking up at him with a frank and kindly expression she proceeded to extricate herself from her predicament.

"Oh, no, not that, not that," said she. "You

must not look at me like that; you must not speak to me like that. Please be my friend, for I have such great need of your friendship. I trust you implicitly. In all my life you are the only man I have ever appealed to for friendship."

Had not Martin been a man of good sound sense, he might have lost his head just at that moment. But with a mighty effort he succeeded in curbing his feelings.

"Miss Barker," said he finally, "you do me honor. I sincerely hope that I may always prove worthy of your confidence. It shall be as you wish. I am wholly at your service."

"How good you are," she exclaimed, grateful that he had helped her out of the trouble. "You do not know how much you have helped me already."

Martin had the good sense to understand her. He had perception enough to see that she was struggling to prevent a crisis. Much as he wished to declare his love for her, he refrained at present because she wished it. Being of a generous nature he at once set aside his own desires that he might the more readily comprehend and comply with hers. The very fact that she had appealed to him for friendship almost put him at his ease. He was a patient man, and he could wait. He felt sure of her now. He believed that it required only a little exertion on his part to win her love, and patience would accomplish for him what precipitance would not. Nevertheless, he was not a little curious to know what was in store for him at the present moment. He wondered what had troubled her. He was satisfied that it was something serious, or she never would have appealed to him. He had not long to wait. He was soon to learn the story of her life.

After a careful deliberation, she had resolved that she should know all about her. For some time she had known that he loved her—what woman cannot tell when a man is in love with her—and while she was satisfied that she could reciprocate his love with all her soul, she felt that she should know her history before he confessed. With Mrs. Horton's assistance she had succeeded in keeping him at bay as it were, while she was making up her mind what she should do. Now, since she fully understood herself, since she had encouraged his attentions to some extent, she felt that it was only right that he should know all; then if he chose to propose to her, well and good. She dreaded to think, however, that her confession might change his mind, but whatever the result might be she was determined to be true to herself.

"Dr. Martin," said she presently, "I have something to tell you. I hardly know how to begin, but you must listen and not interrupt me, and you must forgive me if I appear egotistical."

She paused and pushed her chair a little away from the fire. There was a feather fan within reach; she picked it up and held it before her face. Martin fingered his mustache, looked steadily into the fire and waited in silence.

"You have been told," said she, "that I am an orphan. I have reason to believe that I am not. I have reason to believe that my father still lives, though where he is I do not know."

Martin looked at her with considerable surprise revealed in his countenance.

"I should not know my father if I saw him," she went on from behind her fan. "I have never seen him since I can remember."

There were several questions which Martin thought of asking at this juncture, but he refrained.

"That is very strange," was what he said. "Yes, it seems so," she replied, "but it is easily accounted for."

"I have no doubt of it," answered Martin quickly.

"My father and mother separated when I was little more than an infant," she continued, in a tone that was full of sadness.

Martin's sympathy overcame him.

"Miss Barker," said he kindly, "do you think it necessary that I should know all this now? Is it necessary that you should tell me that which makes you sad while relating it?"

"I feel that it is necessary," she replied. Martin thought he understood her.

"Do you think that what you have to tell me will lessen my regard for you?"

They were on delicate ground again. She hesitated in her reply. He was looking at her keenly, and she raised the fan to her face.

"I—I—hope not," she answered faintly. Martin was at her side in an instant.

"Bertha," said he earnestly, "you shall tell me nothing more until you have heard me say that I love you. Whatever your story is it shall make no difference with me—unless—"

He turned pale as the thought suggested itself. He straightened himself and stepped away from her.

"My God," said he in a trembling voice, "I had not thought of that. It never occurred to me that there might be someone else."

His manner and exclamation had frightened her. She feared he might make an exception that would separate them forever; but when he finished she felt a great relief, although her heart was throbbing wildly. For the moment her resolution was forgotten.

"There is no one else," she murmured. Faint as her answer was, it brought him to his senses. With a happy face he was again at her side.

"Then, Bertha," said he, "your story shall make no difference with me. I love you with all my heart and soul. A while ago you said you needed me. Give me the right to be of help to you through life. Say that you will be my wife, for I love you with all the strength of my nature."

What a temptation this was to her! But she must, she would tell her story before she answered him definitely.

"Dr. Martin," said she, "I will be as frank with you as you have been with me, but you must know my story first. It is important

now that you should know it. Please be patient and listen."

"So be it," said he, as he resumed his seat; "but if it makes any difference in my love for you, then may the love of heaven be as different to me."

"You should not speak so," said she. "You may be justified in changing your regard for me."

"Then heaven would be justified in changing toward me. I love you for just what you are yourself, and anything you have to tell me of your life cannot change me."

She was very grateful that he had told her this, yet she was determined to accomplish what she had undertaken.

"You have been told that I am a niece of Colonel Branton-Smith of Cleveland, Ohio," said she. "I am not; I am theirs only by adoption. They found me in an Infants' Home, with only a letter and a locket, containing pictures of my father and mother to identify me. All I know of my parents is what this letter contains."

As she handed him the letter, Martin saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Ah, Bertha," said he, "I cannot bear to see you weep. Why do you insist upon telling me this?"

"Because you have paid me the honor to ask me to be your wife, and it is only right that you should know who and what I am before you insist upon a definite answer."

Deception was not in her nature.

"Bertha," said he, "you do love me; why will you not confess it?"

"You must read the letter first."

"You insist upon it?"

"Yes."

He gave her a look almost of reproach.

"How little you know me," said he as he unfolded the paper.

She rose and seating herself at the piano, began playing some chords in the minor key, which seemed to suggest her feelings.

The letter ran as follows:

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 16, 1872

My darling:

I am giving you up to the care of others, for I am very ill and must go to the hospital. If God so wills it that I must be taken from you for ever, I do not know what your fate may be, but I pray that it may be a happier one than mine has been and that you will grow to be a true woman. The locket contains a picture of your father and mother. Your name is Bertha Barker. Your father's name is George Barrington Barker. My name, before I was married, was Emily Gordon; I am the only child of Major John Gordon, a wealthy merchant of Cincinnati, Ohio. My father disapproved of my marriage and has cast me off. I have run away from my husband because I have found out that he is addicted to strong drink, and I cannot bear the lot of a drunkard's wife. My only hope is to get back to my father; but I am ill and can get no farther. God help you if I should die. I have written to my father about you, telling him where you may be found, and beseeching him to take care of you. That he will heed my request is the one hope of your unfortunate MOTHER.

There were tears in Martin's eyes when he finished the letter. Bertha was still playing at the piano. He rose and stepped to her side.

"Bertha," said he, a little huskily, "I have read the letter, and I await your answer. Will you be my wife?"

Her happy smile, as she rose and looked up at him, made her tears seem like tears of gladness.

"Oh, Richard, do you still mean it?" she cried, almost exultantly.

"With all my soul."

And what could she do but obey the promptings of her heart? As he folded her in his arms and kissed her, a tear from his eyes fell upon her cheek. She looked up in surprise.

"Why, Richard, you are crying!"

"I believe I am, my darling; your mother's letter was very pathetic."

"Why, then you are crying for me. Ah, you dear boy, how I shall love you for that."

And standing on tip-toe, she wound her arms about his neck and kissed him passionately.

When this amorous demonstration was over, and they had recovered sufficiently to again make out the objects about them, Martin observed the locket she wore at her throat. At his request she took it off and handed it to him. He opened it, then started in amazement. The features of the woman it contained were those of the portrait which hung in his study. The features of the man seemed familiar, but he could not recall them.

CHAPTER V.

When Martin got home that night he had much to think about. Of all the men in Toronto he believed himself the happiest. Yet there was a mystery surrounding his fiancée which gave origin to some rather unpleasant thoughts. He was determined to solve this mystery, not so much for his own satisfaction as for the fact that he had promised Bertha that if her parents were still living he would not leave a stone unturned until he had found them. He had the locket and the letter in his possession, and he had learned much from Bertha that would serve as a clue. He also remembered the story which Prof. Van Zandt had told him, and as the two stories compared favorably with one another he determined to see the professor the next day. He remembered having promised to communicate with Van Zandt as soon as he had learned anything which might really concern him, and although he had some compunctions about discussing his lady love with a man of the professor's stamp, he felt now that it was a case of necessity. He was disappointed, however, upon calling the next day to find that Van Zandt had gone out. He left his card with a request to call at the earliest convenience. The professor called that afternoon. Martin was pleased with his appearance. The marks of dissipation were gone, and there was a look about his person which told that he was living a better life. He was so expectant as to display impatience. Almost the first words he uttered upon meeting Martin, were:

"You have seen her! You have learned her history!"

Martin was not a little surprised at his eagerness.

"Yes," said he. "But sit down, Professor. Let us talk it over calmly."

Van Zandt seated himself so that he might look at the portrait.

"But I am as impatient as a child to hear what you have learned, doctor," said he. "Pray do not keep me in suspense."

"Very well," said Martin, as he handed the professor a cigar, then lighted one for himself.

"But first let me ask a question. Do you know a man of the name of George Barrington Barker?"

"My God," exclaimed Van Zandt, turning white, and dropping the match he was about to apply to his cigar. "What do you know? What have you learned?"

"Well, I have learned several things; one of which is that this George Barrington Barker is the father of the lady whom that picture resembles, and who is now my promised wife."

"What!" cried Van Zandt in amazement. "You mean to marry her?"

"And you will take her from me, now that I have found her! You will take away the one inducement I have had to live a better life? You will—"

"Good heavens, Professor, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am the girl's father. I mean that I am George Barrington Barker."

It was some time before Martin spoke. His amazement required careful curbing. During the interval Van Zandt calmed down and sat with his head in his hands. Martin was the first to break the silence.

"Can you prove this?" said he.

"That will depend upon what you have learned from her. Suppose you ask me some questions."

"Very well. What was your wife's name?"

"Emily Gordon. Her father was Major John Gordon, a merchant of Cincinnati, Ohio. Our child's name was Bertha."

"Enough. You are the man, and you will recognize this locket."

As the professor took the trinket he showed considerable emotion.

"Yes," said he, "it was my wedding present. It contains her picture and mine."

"This letter will also be of interest to you," said Martin, handing the one which Bertha had entrusted to him.

On reading it the professor was greatly affected.

"Ah," said he, "what a fool I have been! I might have prevented all this if I had never touched my first glass of liquor. That night twenty years ago was the only time she ever saw me intoxicated, and it drove her from me. She fled in terror of the lot of a drunkard's wife. What a damned fool I have been. But, doctor, since I made your acquaintance, since that night you brought me into this room out of the cold, and perhaps saved my life, I have not touched a drop of anything, and with the help of heaven I never shall again."

"I am glad to hear you say so, and I know you will keep your resolution."

"Keep it! Why, doctor, rather than drink

Continued on Page Fifteen

- In -

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Summer Fancies.

AS WE look abroad these bright days upon the results of so much headwork, so much thought and planning, devoted to the one purpose of clothing women, we can but sigh and murmur: "Oh, the pity of it! What fools these mortals be!" It is unpleasant to chronicle the truth, but it will serve as a warning: Out of ten women one meets on the street, eight are atrociously dressed. Of course the remaining two are more distinguished by contrast than simply well dressed women ever were before; but that does not enable one to forgive the eight who offend the eyes by the inartistic lines of their garments or the startling colors with which they herald their approach. This condition is the more to be deplored because the fabrics at our disposal were never more beautiful, nor was there ever a time when taste and judgment combined could produce so harmonious and admirable a whole.

With the eyes of the world focussed upon her this summer, the American woman cannot be too careful in the choice of her garments. She should avoid all startling novelties in cut or trimming and *outré* combinations. If the fabric of a gown is very handsome in itself, all trimming on the skirt, beyond a pretty finish around the bottom, will detract from it. It should be cut so as to flare around the bottom, slightly in the front and on the sides, and considerably in the back. The circle flounce has a very pretty effect when cut from three to eight inches wide; but wider than this, and especially when the depth of the Spanish flounce, it is an abomination of abominations, as it "flips" around the feet and ankles in most ungraceful fashion, and destroys all symmetry in the figure. Wide, stiff, and heavy trimmings, as thick ruffles of wide ribbon, about the knees, are also to be avoided. They are ropy and awkward in movement, and cut the figure into extremely inartistic lines. Black satin is very much used for trimming, and gives the needed relief to the eye in this carnival of color. One of the handsomest street gowns recently seen was a basket-cloth in minute checks of old-rose and black. There were six narrow folds of black satin on the skirt, in groups of two with six inches space between the groups; a softly folded girdle of satin encircled the waist, there were sleeve-puffs, revers, and neck-folds of satin, and the cuffs were banded with folds. Ruffles of black satin ribbon are much used; and another favorite trimming is many rows of inch-wide ribbon put on plain. When the rows are graduated they should not be reversed in order, with the widest at the top, for this distorts the figure and suggests a barrel.

With the expansion of skirts there is a revival of the graceful accordion-plaiting. A lovely black grenadine gown is thus plaited; the selvaie runs round the skirt, and is lengthened by a wide flounce of sheer, black French lace, also plaited, and falling over a flounce of the grenadine on the underskirt, which is of heliotrope and green surah. The corsage and sleeve-puffs are plaited, there are wide bretelles of the French lace, and a black satin girdle. Charming fancy waists are of accordion-plaited black *mousseline de soie* made under fitted linings of bright silk, and worn under beaded jackets. A light blue surah tea-gown is entirely accordion-plaited. It has two overlapping skirts the width of the surah, the selvaie running around, and long jacket-fronts with full trimmings of white lace over the shoulders and down the fronts. A novel skirt is a whole circle cut out of a large square; the material used is a transparent shot veiling, very wide, and woven especially for it. An oval hole is cut in the center for the waist, and it is mounted to a belt without a particle of fullness; the silk foundation-skirt is covered to the hips with accordion-plaited surah in rainbow hues, harmonizing with the outer skirt. These were first made for skirt-dancing, but they are now being appropriated for evening gowns.

There are a multitude of fascinating additions to the toilet—fichus, collarettes, berthas, jackets and girdles—that, chosen with taste, add very much to it. A great deal of lace is worn, and yards and yards of ribbon. These are in greater variety and more beautiful than any seen in recent years. The shaded and rainbow effects of gown fabrics are reproduced in them, and while some of the combinations are too startling for the artistic sense, many are very beautiful. Not bad are white ribbons edged with brilliant red and green; but when vivid green shades run into those of pink and then change into intense purples, neither the beauty of the weave nor the *cachet* of fashion make it endurable.

In the dressy extreme the puffy and fluffy run riot. A charming model is shown in a light silk that is made with the flaring skirt and fitted bodice that seems to be the foundation of most of the pretty ideas of the season. The skirt is trimmed with silk ruffles picked out at the edges and set on in deep scallops. There are three rows, each containing three ruffles of graduated width, the widest being about six or seven inches deep, the narrowest not over three; the very full sleeves have enormous draperies of *ecru* lace, that look about as much like window-awnings as anything else, so far over do they project and so expansive are they. The waist-front closes over in the form of a jabot, with double-breasted effect and has a waist finish of a belt or loose girdle of the silk with ribbons to match. Ribbon alone, sometimes a velvet collar and velvet ribbon belt, are used; on other dresses the entire material is silk. Wide, puffed, fluffy-looking girdles are much liked even by stout women, the enormous width of shoulder giving the waist a symmetrical curve, even though it is much larger than recent fashions have allowed.

LA MODE.

Not a Favorable Occasion.

Missionary—I have come, my benighted brother, to lead you people to a better life. Native—Got no time now. King taking amateur photographs, queen trying on crinoline, and people all learning to ride bicycles. Better try the next village.

Individualities.

Henry Jones, known to whist players as Cavendish, under which *nom de plume* he is the author of several works of authority on the popular game, is at present traveling in this country.

C. L. Krissing of Pittsburg, who gave a tramp a meal and a dollar or two a year ago, has received notice that the tramp has died and left him \$12,000 that he had come into possession of shortly before his death.

Counsellor Von Bismarck, eldest brother of the ex-Chancellor, after a life of comparative retirement has died. The Bismarcks were not a titled family; they belonged to the Junkers, as the landed gentry of Prussia is known.

Lord William Paulet, fourth son of the fourteenth Marquis of Winchester, who died a few days ago in London, was in command of the English forces in Canada during the American civil war. He was a frequent visitor to New York, where he was a popular figure in the world of fashion.

Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria now has three hospitals in active service for persons suffering from diseases of the eye. One is at Meran, another at Munich, and a third at Tegernsee. At this last he passes most of his time. Poor patients are treated without cost, and all payments by those who can afford to make them are employed for the good of the poor of the district. The duke is a general in the Bavarian army, and is the brother of the Empress of Austria. In 1874 he married as his second wife the Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, who assists him in his charitable work.

It was Miss Ida Hewitt, the daughter of Richard Hewitt, of Cairo, West Virginia, that ran the first train over the World's Fair grounds on the opening day at the Exhibition. She is probably the only woman engineer in the world, and follows her profession from choice, since her father is a man of wealth. Her answer to the request of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that she should join their body was that though she could not be a brother, she would at least be a sister to them. Her costume on her first "run" at the World's Fair was that of a Spanish girl of the fourteenth century.

Sir James Anderson, who has just died in London, commanded the monster ship, Great Eastern, which was employed by Cyrus Field in his third and successful attempt to lay the Atlantic cable. For his important services in this great work he received the honor of knighthood at the hand of the Queen. Sir James had been foremost in establishing cable communication between England and all parts of the world. He was one of the first authorities on cable matters, and was actively connected with nearly every cable company of importance throughout the world. He introduced the American stock ticker into England.

During old colonial days, Maria Lee, a negress, kept a sailors' boarding-house in Boston. She was a woman of gigantic size and prodigious strength, and was of great assistance to the authorities in keeping the peace, as the entire lawless element of that locality stood in awe of her. Whenever an unusually troublesome person was to be taken to the station house, the services of Black Maria, as she was called, were likely to be required. It is said that she took at one time, and without assistance, three riotous sailors to the lock-up. So frequently was her help required that the expression, "Send for Black Maria," came to mean, "Take the disorderly person to jail." It is easy to see how the name became fixed to the means of transportation.

The nomination of Mr. John Ruskin to be poet laureate of England, recalls the sensational suit for libel brought by the painter Whistler against the famous art critic. The suit grew out of Mr. Ruskin's characteristic comment on Whistler's absurd picture, *A Nocturne in Black and Gold*. The painter asked for damages to the amount of £1,000, but the court awarded him only a farthing. The signal honor put upon Mr. Ruskin came as a tremendous surprise to the world of arts and letters in England. It is the general belief that advanced age had long ago made such sad havoc with Mr. Ruskin's faculties that he was dangerously near complete insanity. Ruskin's life has not been a particularly happy one. A great grief came to him through his friend Millais, whom Ruskin, more than anyone else in the world, brought into fame. Millais excited in Ruskin's wife a love so great that she secured a divorce from her husband and was subsequently united to the painter whom Ruskin had given a reputation.

Society has lost one of its most notable ornaments by the death of Maria, Marchioness of Alibury; indeed, there are many circles which for a long time will find it difficult to realize that one of the brightest, kindest spirits they have ever known is no longer with them. "Lady A." as she was familiarly called, just as Mr. Gladstone is known as "Mr. G.," never seemed to grow really old, though she was born in the same year as the Prime Minister. She resembled that illustrious man in several ways, especially in the extraordinary accuracy of her memory. Nobody told stories with a more perfect appreciation not only of the point but of the minutest details. It was the pleasant custom among her friends to allot to her at a dinner party the youngest man of the company as her cavalier, and there is probably many a young man who is confessing to himself that the dinner-table can never sparkle as it was wont to do now "Lady A." is gone. Almost to the last this indefatigable veteran traveled everywhere, and never missed a social "function" which would be incomplete without her vivacity and kindly humor. Lady Alibury was the youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Tollemache, of Harrington, Northamptonshire, and she was the second wife of the first Marquis of Alibury, who died in 1856.

Up To Date.

Editor—Here you speak of the gold-green morning twilight being suddenly bathed and glorified in a flood of violet sunrise. What do you mean by such stuff as that?

Author—Just what I say. That kind of thing is wildly popular with our latter-day painters, and it ought to go like a summer breeze in literature.



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Fancy Ribbed Hose, Lisle, full fashioned, seamless, 20¢.
Pretty Caps 8¢, were 14¢.
Three-ply Capes, cord edge, \$3.50, were \$5.
Fawn Capes, shot silk hoods, \$2.25, were \$3.25.
Ladies' Hats, stylish, newest colors, 40¢, were 75¢.
Children's Muslin Hats.
White Lawn Blouses, tucks and frills, 65¢.
Blouses, white lawn trimmed with colored embroidery, 95¢.
Blouses, Bengaline Silk, \$1.50.
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Social and Personal.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Derby will be in Toronto on Wednesday next, June 7th, and will hold their reception at Government House between four and half-past six o'clock. For all those who desire to call and pay their respects and say good bye, this will be the last time their excellencies will be in Toronto before their departure for England.

The ball given by the officers of the Royal Grenadiers on Thursday evening of last week was, so far as could be assured by an energetic and painstaking committee, a signal success. The Pavilion was prettily decorated in a novel style. Bandmaster Waldron furnished acceptable music and Webb served a delicious supper on small *coteur* tables under the north gallery. The evening was rather chilly and the air was too cool for any but persistent dancers. Many of the best people were present. At half-past nine the guard of honor of the Grenadiers formed in line to receive the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who were accompanied by Mr. Arthur and Miss Kirkpatrick. The fine figure of His Excellency was well set off by his colonel's uniform, and he looked all that was dignified and soldierly. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a delicately tinted *toilette de bal*, handsomely trimmed. Among the guests who danced the hours away were a number of strangers who had come to town for race week. Conspicuous for elegance of costume were: Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, in white satin, white brocade and rare lace; the Misses Hendrie, who were also in white, Miss Tena wearing a lovely accordion pleated frock of silk crepon, which was extremely simple and stylish; Miss Kegan, who was with Commander and Mrs. Law, was handsomely gowned in heliotrope silk and velvet; Mrs. Eddy of Saginaw, the guest of Mrs. Edward Cox, was also very elegantly attired. Mrs. Cox wore a gown of flame red striped chiffon, with a touch of scarlet in her *coiffure*. There were three ladies who chose black toilettes, and who were decidedly happy in their departure from the everlasting creams, greens and heliotropes. They were Mrs. James Crowther, who wore a delightful little gown of black satin and full *berthe* of black lace, with deep red carnations; Miss Ada Arthurs, whose blonde hair and creamy skin looked fairer than ever in contrast with her deep black satin gown; and pretty, fair-haired Miss Rioran, who was much admired in the same sombre garb; Miss Bunting was bright and bonnie in a light striped silk; Miss May Walker was in striped silk with velvet sleeves; Mrs. Rioran wore a striped satin; Mrs. Hume Brown, sunflower yellow silk and jet; Miss Drayton, pink silk; Mrs. Dawson wore a handsome gold colored gown and black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Cosby wore white silk and green and gold trimmings; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, a lovely faint blue and buttercup brocade, with buttercup trimmings; Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth was beautifully gowned in sage green velvet. The various uniforms of the different city corps lent variety and brightness to the scene. Mr. Attorney-General Masujima of Tokio was a noticeable figure in his Japanese skirts of black and white silk, with kimono of black. He came with Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison. Among others present were: Commander, Mrs. and Miss Law, Colonel Davidson, Major Cosby and Captain McGilvray in Kiltie uniform; Messrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croll, Captain and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Allen of Montreal, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. R. S. Williams of Goderich, Mr. Gault of Montreal, Mr. C. B. DuMoulin, Capt. and Mrs. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. Gordon Howard, Miss McInnes of Hamilton, Major Smith of London, Col. and Mrs. Towers, Messrs. H. V. Rowe, C. S. Smith, I. Small, Sagam, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Macqueen, Signor Pier Dalasco, Mrs. Griffin of Ottawa and the Misses Montgomery.

The latter days of the race week were equally distinguished by a stylish and numerous attendance at the Woodbine, and many new and beautiful costumes were worn. The unfortunate accident to the drag, which resulted in the temporary injury of some of our popular society and sporting men, was an unpleasant episode, but the gentlemen who suffered thereby are all doing well. Mr. John Davidson will be confined to the house for some time. I remarked on the members' stand: Mrs. J. K. Kerr, who wore a gown of gray and cream lace and leghorn hat trimmed with black lace and tips; Mrs. S. Nordheimer's dress was a black-flowered brocade, with bonnet of gray, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Homer Dixon, pale blue and white striped silk, and white hat trimmed with blue and pale green; Miss Milligan of Bromley House, pale blue, with bonnet of forget-me-nots; Mrs. Frank Arnold, pale green and pink gown with bonnet to match; Mrs. Chris. Bines' dress was of pale green; Miss Hodgins wore a fawn cloth trimmed with gold braid, hat of fawn straw with pink roses; Miss Langmaid looked lovely in light brown cloth with yellow silk vest; Mrs. Grace, in a fawn cloth trimmed with brown leather, large leghorn hat with pink roses; Mrs. Thomas Tait, cream and lace costume; Mrs. (Dr.) Ryerson, pale gray trimmed with ostrich feathers, large black chip hat; Miss Ethel Reed looked sweet in cream and green with hat of cream trimmed with tips.

The members of the Cheltenham Lodge, S. O. E., held their first meeting since its inauguration on Tuesday evening, May 23. It was a little after eight o'clock when the W. P., Bro. Clatworthy called the lodge to order, and at that time about thirty of the members were present, including a majority of the officers. Fraternal visits were paid to the lodge by the officers and members of Birmingham and Richmond Lodges as well as by Bros. Barker, Skippin, Pasching, Webster and Aldridge, all of whom hold high office in the Order. Eight new members were initiated and a good deal of routine work was transacted during the evening. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the visiting brethren by a standing vote and speeches of a very kindly nature were made by several of them, each one wishing prosperity and success to the new lodge. After the business of the evening had been concluded refreshments were served and a pleasant hour was spent in speech and song.

Miss Hugel has been spending some weeks with Mrs. Alexander Cameron. Miss Hugel and her sister are now the guests of Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth.

Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston have left their residence on Dovercourt road and are now residing at 203 McCaul street. Mrs. Greville Harston will be at home to her friends on the first and third Wednesdays in the month.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Bacon, Colonel and Mrs. Toller, Mrs. Marler and Miss Bancroft, of Ottawa, were the guests of Mrs. Grace, of Madison avenue, for race week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther are leaving this week for a ten days' visit to the World's Fair. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery in Chicago.

On Saturday of last week Miss Newbatt of Adelaide street gave a walking party through High Park, followed by high tea and dancing. Those who were present were: Major and Mrs. Leigh, Misses Oldright, Doble, Ida Milligan, Palin, and the Misses Stammers; Messrs. Rudge, Grote, King, Palin, Macmahon, Tremaine, and J. Macdonnell. Notwithstanding the dullness of the weather a most enjoyable time was spent.

Mrs. Frank Stubbs of Carlton street and Mrs. Thomas Holtby, of Brampton, left last week for Chicago to attend the World's Fair.

Rev. T. C. Street Macklem and Mrs. Macklem are at Chicago for a visit to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Charles McGill of Peterboro, who is visiting in the city, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre at the races on May 24.

Dr. Charles A. Temple, late resident physician at the Toronto General Hospital and for some time Surgeon of the Empress of India steamer which runs between British Columbia, China and Japan, has opened an office at 315 Spadina avenue. Dr. Temple is well known in Toronto and is a son of Dr. J. A. Temple of Simcoe street.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wilson of London, England, are visiting Mrs. Wilson's mother, Mrs. D. H. Smith of Alexander street. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are on their way to Southern California and Mexico.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Philip recently returned from New Smyrna, Florida, where they spent a most pleasant winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sargison of Victoria, B.C., are visiting Toronto. Mr. Sargison is business manager of the *Colonist*, the oldest and most influential daily in British Columbia.

Mr. W. Wallace Bruce of the Ontario Bank, Kingston, was in the city for a few days this week. His many friends in town will be pleased to know that he has quite recovered from his recent illness and returns to the bank this week.

A cable message was received on May 27 telling of the sudden death in London, England, of James M. Pearce of 226 Beverley street. Mr. Pearce was for over twenty-five years connected with the firm of Evans & Sons. Previous to that he lived in Virginia City, the sunny South. He fought in the American war between the North and South, as captain in his regiment, in favor of slavery. After the war was over he returned to England and engaged himself with the above firm. He was one of the founders of the Humane Society, a director of the Industrial Exhibition, and a member of the Canadian Institute. Mr. Pearce at the time of his death was visiting his sister in the hope of regaining his health. He leaves a widow to mourn his sudden decease.

Miss Kegan, who recently returned from England, is visiting Mrs. Law, 504 Sherbourne street.

Mr. George Bruenich has returned from a lengthened visit to the United States. He will remain for several weeks in Toronto. The Hon. G. W. Allan selected Mr. Bruenich's painting of a Norwegian fiord as his choice on the prize coupon which he secured at the last exhibition. This picture, by the way, was refused by the World's Fair Selection Committee, but returned to earn for the clever artist the honor among art critics in his own city which it undoubtedly merited.

Dr. John S. King has moved from Sherbourne street to a very handsome suite of offices in the Oddfellows' building, corner of Yonge and College streets.

I notice that among those who attended the drawing-room held at Buckingham Palace on May 16, were: Mrs. S. H. Jones, Miss Jones and Miss Louie Jones of Benvenuto, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stovel have removed from 61 Ruse avenue and taken up house at 20 Sylvan avenue, just east of Dufferin street.

Mr., Mrs. and the Misses King-Dodds were in Hamilton this week for the races.

Mrs. Oliphant of Simcoe street, who has been visiting friends in Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia for the past two months, returned home last week.

Miss Alice Gifford has gone to Ireland for an extended visit.

Mr. Crampton, civil engineer, from India, is making many friends in Toronto. Mr. Crampton is at the Arlington Hotel.

Mrs. Harry Grantham is on a visit to friends in Chicago.

A party of ladies who went to the races on Saturday in the parlor car of the T. S. Railway comprised: Mesdames McKenzie, Grace, Bacon, J. E. Thompson, Toller, and Miss Bancroft.

Miss Stewart of Hamilton is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Stephen Haas, who has been suffering

from a fractured arm, is able to be about again. Mr. Haas is at present visiting his relatives in Alsace, France.

Mr. Masujima left on Saturday for Port Hope, where he will visit Rev. Mr. Lloyd, principal of Port Hope college, and who was at one time a missionary in Japan.

A reception was given by Mrs. (Sheriff) Jarvis last Tuesday evening for Mr. Arrowsmith of England, who is now visiting Toronto in connection with the seaside missions of Eastbourne, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Garvin and family will go to the Island next week.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick received a pleasant party of callers on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Baldwin, of Carlton street, gave her parlors up to the young ladies of St. Paul's workers on Thursday evening for a musical and literary evening, which was much enjoyed by many guests.

The theatrical entertainment and dance given by the Toronto Theatrical Club on Tuesday evening at Dawe's Hall was in every way a marked success. The different members of the cast presented Among the Breakers in a most finished and clever way. Miss Lauretta Bows was a weird and dramatic Mother Carey; pretty Miss Lingham, a Belleville lady, was a very sweet Bessie. The other parts were full of interest and played well. Of the gentlemen, Mr. Hulme, as the Darkie yacht steward, was generally voted the best, though the newspaper man of Mr. Claude Norrie was excellent, and Messrs. Ashworth and Dr. Moore also did their parts justice. After the play, which was under the supervision of Mr. Gerald Donaldson, the seats were quickly cleared from the body of the hall and a very pleasant dance concluded the evening's amusement. Among the many pretty ladies present I noticed: Miss Tomlinson, in cream brocade with green velvet sleeves; Miss Van Etten and Miss Kennedy of Winnipeg, the former in a blue and white striped silk, the latter in pure white; Miss Grace Morrison, in a pretty dress with pale pink satin sleeves; Miss McKenzie, in *eau de Nile*, with yellow brocade *berthe*; Mrs. A. W. Croll was sweetly gowned in canary brocade and black velvet; Miss Milligan wore heliotrope *crepe*; Miss Yda Milligan was in white; Miss Tillie Corby of Belleville was in yellow satin, her sister, Miss Helen, wore a pretty white dress. Two more pretty ladies in white were Miss Lingham and Miss May Hughes. Miss Maud Pearson wore a dainty combination of pink and gray which was much admired; Miss Amy Laing was in pure white; Miss Wilson of the Presbyterian College wore a white silk gown, with lace and pink roses; Miss Gibson, white silk and pink sleeves; Miss Hannaford looked well in black satin and canary ribbons, with Mareschal Neil roses; Miss Phila McLean wore robin egg blue, with white lace; Miss Daisy Ince looked well in white with scarlet flowers and ribbons; Miss Christie Steen wore rose pink silk with green sleeves, Mrs. Crowley was gowned in yellow satin and chiffon, and looked charming; Miss Mills of Guelph also looked well; Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines wore a much admired gown of cream silk with green bands and looked very elegant and handsome; Fraulein Hoffman was gowned in black velvet and jet, her niece, Fraulein Moser, wore white silk and lace; Miss McKenzie was blonde and beautiful in salmon pink silk; Mrs. Hucyke Garratt wore green velvet with rich *vieux* rose and gold passementerie; Mrs. W. Goulding wore black silk; Miss Ethel Gray was in a pretty cream gown; Mrs. Stephen Haas was in white and gold; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth wore a black and white costume with lace; Miss Farby of Port Hope was a smart little figure in black and *cerise*; Miss Nellie Steen was in *eau de Nile* silk and pink chiffon; Miss McConnell looked well in pink silk; Miss Long wore white and gold.

The Victoria Lawn Tennis Club will be at home to their friends on Friday afternoons during the season opening on June 9. On Saturday, June 10, there will be a match with the Brantford Lawn Tennis Club. The events will include ladies' singles and mixed doubles, and the match will therefore be more than usually interesting. The Victoria's friends will have an opportunity of witnessing the graceful play of Mrs. Harry Whitehead, whose sterling game won the Victoria tournament last year, and who will be one of the fair representatives from the pretty city on the river.

Mr. A. H. Marsh, Q.C., will shortly make a trip to Japan.

The Little Maids' Club, which has for five years entirely supported a cot in the Infants' Home, intend holding their annual At Home to-day. There will be a sale of work done by the Little Maids during the year, also refreshments and high tea will be served, between the hours of 4 and 8 p.m., at 52 St. Alban street.

Messrs. W. A. Cameron and W. Brydon leave for England next week.

Mr. Frank Deane's piano recital took place on Thursday evening. I hope to make further mention of the event next week.

The Toronto College of Music gave a pleasant *soiree musicale* on Thursday evening, at which a number of lady students assisted.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick has issued a letter from Government House to the wives of the mayors throughout the province, in which it is stated that a wedding present from the women of Canada to the Princess May of Teck, on the occasion of her marriage to H. R. H., the Duke of York, is proposed. It further requests these ladies to take an interest in the movement, and forward all subscriptions to Mrs. Kirkpatrick not later than June 15.

Mr. R. S. Williams and Miss Ethel Williams were in town for race week. Mr. Williams attended the Grenadiers' ball.

A number of engagements are to be announced in the near future of well known Toronto people; a musical man and a fair artist, a genial business man in the East End

and a popular and pretty lady, and a young banker and a much admired visitor to Toronto.

An impromptu dance was given by Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs last week in honor of her guests, the Misses Miller. A very charming evening was spent by those present.

Now that the month of roses is upon us, summer sports and pastimes will usurp the dance, the dinner and the crowded reception of the sterner season. Pretty millions of muscular excellence are looking up their tennis racquets, shoes, and easy-fitting costumes; little streaks of sunburn are shading pretty necks, and dreams of moonlight paddles on the bay, afternoons at the Hamber, the *dolce far niente* of Island life, and the *neglige* of the summer cottage are anticipated with a pleasure only to be enjoyed by the tired society women who have danced hundreds of miles and stood about chatting for untold hours during winter social events. Among our summer "exodusters" will be many of the best known of the merry-makers of the past winter. The convenient Island will take a goodly number—some are already on the move—Long Branch and Lorne Park, with their good boat service and pretty summer cottages, will be more than ever popular. Victoria Park will also rob the city of some nice people. Numberless parties are being made up for Chicago and a few for Europe. Everything points to a lively season in the way of travel. And we who stay at home will have some delightful days at the various tennis courts and popping in at the informal five o'clocker, when the samovar is removed to the veranda or the lawn and dear little flies and other winged creatures commit suicide in the steaming and fragrant tea. The cyclists will perform great and extended pilgrimages; those pretty maidens, over at the Island will row and paddle to their hearts' content; those other pretty ladies, who have dashed past us lately on thorough-bred horses, will lounge in the seductive hammock or sit about the balconies of the Yacht Club and Argonaut Club houses. The steam launch will carry its merry party, or the great big boats will bear the men and maids to Niagara. Talking of boats, it is on the *tapis* that the officers of the caravels from Spain (which are now making their way west from Quebec to this city and will be in harbor here before long) are to be entertained by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in some appropriate manner. These curious vessels and their foreign and interesting officers and crews ought to give a flavor to our enjoyment of a part of the merry month of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen B. Aylesworth leave for England and the Continent the latter part of this month.

Mr. H. P. Davies and Miss Emily Davies go to England shortly.

Mr., Mrs. and Master Harry Bourlier have been on a very pleasant visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt will summer at Victoria Park.

The engagement of Miss Belle Hornbrook and Mr. Lount, Q.C., is announced.

An engagement is announced between Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick of Government House and Miss Dennistoun of Peterborough.

The Granite Curling Club will hold a smoking concert in the skating rink, Church street, on Friday evening, June 9.

The wide circle of gentlemen who have been so fortunate as to have been on Mr. Speaker Ballantyne's list, will doubly regret the prorogation of the Legislature and the departure for a season of the most generous and kindly host, who has, of recent years at least, presided over the Provincial Parliament. Large of stature and big of brain and heart, Mr. Speaker has been as great a social acquisition in his handsome chambers as Lieut-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have been in Government House. It is indeed a popular combination.

Mr. Alex. K. Drake sails from New York to-day or the Campana for Europe.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kathleen Kedrick Smith of Sherbrooke, Que., to Mr. John Arthur Murland of Pittsburgh, Pa. The marriage will take place on June 6, at St. Thomas's church, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood of 70 Spadina road have returned from an extended trip to Bermuda and the West Indies.

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TORONTO

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Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G., is to read a paper at Warsaw, Ind., shortly on The Intellectual Development of Canada.

A very enjoyable At Home was given the King's Daughters on Friday afternoon of last week by Mrs. (Dr.) Ami of Cooper street.

The G. N. W. messenger boys look quite smart in their new uniforms. It is to be hoped that they are so in reality.

The Rideau Rink have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Mr. H. A. Bate, president; Mr. W. H. Middleton, secretary; Messrs. H. A. Bate, James Isbester, F. R. Bronson, S. H. Heming, and W. H. Middleton, Col. Irwin, C. J. Macpherson and Captain Gourdeau, directors.

Mr. Hassan of Thurso preached at the service in Concession street Baptist church last Sunday.

A fishing party consisting of Messrs. C. Berkeley Powell, F. Newby, Captain Streetfield, McLeod Stewart, C. J. Jones, and Dr. Powell left on Saturday week for Echo Beach, back of Thurso.

The entertainment given under the direction of Mrs. F. M. S. Jenkins in St. George's church on Friday evening of last week was a most successful affair. The program consisted of two parts, the first being made up of songs, violin solos, etc.; the second brought forward the cantata, Red Riding Hood, with its four scenes and the dances between. The principal characters were taken by Miss Mina Stewart as Red Riding Hood; Miss Connie Wimperis, the mother; Mr. C. Stewart, wolf; Mr. E. Ter-Meer, as the woodman. The parts were well taken and the dramas were very pretty. Mrs. Jenkins deserves great credit and is to be congratulated on a most successful evening.

Mr. George L. Orme left for Glasgow on Friday evening by the steamship Parisian. His trip is made in connection with the estate of his lately deceased father, the affairs of which are to be settled by him in conjunction with his sister, Mr. Orme will return probably about the first of July.

The Royal Society, of which Dr. Bourinot is president, closed a most successful session of five days in the Railway Committee Room of the House of Commons.

Mr. Hewitt Bernard, who recently died at Montreal, made his sister, Susan Agnes, Baroness Macdonald, the executrix and Frederick White, comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police, the executor of his will. After giving \$500 to the latter and \$2,000 to two nieces, Mr. Bernard gave all the rest of his property to the baroness. The testator had \$8,806 invested in Toronto stocks.

Football is booming at the Ottawa college and a strong effort is being made to bring in young players by a series of inter-class matches for a college championship cup. A number of new players will be required, as Messrs. Clarke, Newman, Proderick, Cullen, Smith, Meagher, White and French of the old-time footballers will all graduate this year.

It is said that His Honor Judge Ross, senior judge of the County Court, intends resigning. The Governor-General before he began signing official documents with his new title "Derby," a formality which had to be carried out was that his solicitor in London took action for issue of a warrant by the Lord Chancellor authorizing the issue of a writ summoning the new earl to the House of Lords under his new title. The Governor-General received that writ some days ago and signed "Derby" for the first time on Friday of last week.

Superintendent of Education McKay of Halifax is in town for the purpose of attending the meeting of the Royal Society.

Mr. William Bain of Winnipeg, who is on his way home from a six months' continental tour, has been the guest of Mr. J. C. Edwards for the last few days. Mr. Bain will visit Toronto and Port Arthur on his way west.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross are at the Grand Union, waiting the completion of their lovely new home on Theodore street.

Owing to some misunderstanding in the Ottawa Cricket Club Mr. B. T. A. Ball has resigned from the membership of that organization. Mr. Ball is known throughout the Dominion as one of the best cricketers in Canada. It is a pity that petty jealousy should be the cause of the loss of such a valuable man to the club. Gentlemen, this is not cricket! The professional coach named Shepherd, from England, has arrived. Shepherd comes with a splendid reputation.

The Capital Lacrosse Club are to be congratulated on their new grounds. The club will be presented on Dominion Day after their match with the Capital Club of St. Catharines, with elegant new silk flags by Lady Caron.

Miss Edith Drummond of Perth is visiting her cousin, Miss Maud Drummond of 142 Nepean street.

Prof. Wiggins, the weather prophet, feels quite hurt that he has not been made more of. He says he has retired from the field of a weather prophet and will venture no more opinions as to prospective earthquakes, floods or cyclones. Although his predictions have come true, he has received nothing but ridicule for them, and this is the reason for his retiring.

Mrs. Louis K. Jones and her daughter, Miss Burrows, went to Toronto for the races.

The many friends of Mrs. W. A. Coulson will be glad to hear that she has recovered from a severe relapse of la grippe.

On Sunday evening last Mr. G. A. Mothersill, during the offertory at Grace church, gave a meritorious rendition of Through the Darkness, being an Anglicized version of the Pro Peccatis from Rossini's Stabat Mater.

Friday is the day chosen as ladies' day at the Golf Club. An enthusiastic lady Golfer was seen practicing on the street the other day.

A large party of gentlemen left on Saturday of last week as the guests of Mr. Kimber, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, to spend a few days at his fishing lodge at Echo Beach.

Dr. Bourinot delivered his presidential address on Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness in the Normal School on Tuesday afternoon. The storm that was raging at the time prevented many from attending that otherwise would have done so.

Miss Sparks and her sister, Miss G. Sparks, have returned from Asheville, North Carolina, where they have been for some time. Both are looking much better for their visit in the South.

Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. William Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine, has gone to England.

Miss Walters of Daly avenue is visiting in Boston.

Mr. Dixon Patterson, son of Mr. Justice Patterson, is now engaged on a portrait of Mr. Trudeau, late Deputy Minister of Railways, which is to be presented to him with a suitable address.

Assistant Secretary White of the Y.M.C.A. left on Monday to look for a suitable spot for the camp of the Y.M.C.A. juniors this year.

Miss Grace Hagar, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hagar of the West End Methodist church, has gone to Los Angeles for her health.

Miss Benson, daughter of the Rev. Manly Benson, has gone up to Toronto to attend the College of Music and will not return until September.

Residents of Somerset street are bound to make the street look pretty in spite of the city officials. The Aldermen of Wellington Ward might be put to shame if they happened to pass along in the early part of an evening and saw ladies and gentlemen trying to rake the gutters and make an unsightly grass-grown scavenger dump of a roadway look pretty respectable.

The bell and umbrella skirts are crowding Sparks street. What will the poor men do a month hence when we put the crinoline under them?

The city band is to be congratulated on having Mr. Thomas Bryant back.

Mr. D. Murphy is making some improvements to his lawn and making a very pretty corner.

Dr. Martin's steam yacht is being overhauled, a new boiler has been placed in it and many other improvements made.

Prof. Clark of Trinity College, Toronto, lectured on Wednesday evening last in St. George's church on The Dignity and Duty of Work. The doctor filled the schoolroom, as he always does. Prof. Clark will preach to-morrow at both services in St. George's church; the sermon in the evening will be on Future Punishment.

Mrs. (Captain) James Woods of Rockland passed through the city on her way home from Peterboro' on Monday evening. Captain and Mrs. Woods move to Ottawa early in June and will occupy the house lately owned by J. H. Allan, 218 MacLaren street.

Archdeacon Lauder and Rev. Messrs. Bogart and Pollard were in Kingston the latter part of the week.

Messrs. W. Carleton of the Bank of Ottawa, John Martin of the Union Bank, and Mr. Hamilton of the British North America have gone for a week's fishing up the Gattineau.

The Electric Park opened on Thursday evening before a thousand of our best citizens.

Monday being the nineteenth birthday of Miss A. Gareau, eldest daughter of Alderman Gareau, her friends presented her with an address, accompanied by a gold watch and chain.

A portrait of Lord Lansdowne has been received from England and hung in the reading-room of the House of Commons. It is not a striking picture, nor does it do His Lordship justice.

Prof. Ramsay Wright and Dr. Bourinot had quite a warm discussion at the concluding sitting of the Royal Society.

The friends of Hon. Chief Justice Strong will be sorry to hear that his eyesight is causing him some uneasiness. The Chief Justice is under the care of Dr. Buller of Montreal.

Messrs. J. H. Gordon, H. B. Hollingshead, J. W. Latimer and C. J. Roger were in Montreal the latter part of last week.

The Guards returned on Friday morning of last week after spending a delightful two days in Toronto. The boys can't say anything too good of their brothers in arms, the Queen's Own Rifles. The Guards were a little disappointed in having to go to Toronto in place of Quebec, but say they will never regret it now.

Mr. Frank Strathy has gone out to Aylmer to live for the summer.

It is rumored that a large party of ladies and gentlemen are going to camp in or near Aylmer for three or four weeks, about the middle of June. Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson it is said will look after the party, assisted by three or four married ladies.

Mr. C. J. Newman, organist of Grace church, gave the last of a series of recitals on Friday evening. The vocalists were Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Dennis, and the Rev. Mr. Gorman. The recital, as usual, was most enjoyable.

Mr. Hiram Chamberlain of Pembroke spent two or three days last week with his father, Mr. D. C. Chamberlain of Lisgar street.

Mr. Robert Gill, manager of the Bank of Commerce, has returned from a few days' fishing, having had a delightful time and good sport.

The Earl of Derby has signified his intention of making a handsome parting donation of one thousand dollars towards the fund now being raised for the new bishopric of Ottawa, a scheme in which His Excellency takes a warm interest, feeling that the Church of England ought to have an Episcopal representative at the capital of the Dominion.

Besides the officers of the Guards, I noticed the following ladies and gentlemen of Ottawa at the races in Toronto on May 23 and 24: Mr. W. H. Aumon, Mr. S. M. Ball, Mr. J. Batty, Mr. George E. Bate, Mr. W. Birkett, Mr. C. L. Gibbs, Mr. W. B. R. Rand, Mr. John Haig, Mr. Harry Plumb, and Mr. R. H. Pounder.

Mr. Broderick attended the Ontario Jockey Club meeting in Toronto last week.

The city clubs require a little more practice before going away to play exhibition games. It can truly be said that the Cricketers, Capital Lacrosse Club and the Golf Club made exhibitions of themselves, but no doubt their opponents will suffer like defeats the next time they meet.

Mr. Charles O'Connor, son of Mr. D. O'Connor, Q.C., has just been called to the bar and enrolled as a barrister. Mr. O'Connor will likely join the firm of O'Connor & Hogg.

Miss Flora Shaw of London, England, who is making a tour of the world, passed through Ottawa last week. She has visited India, Australia, Japan, British Columbia and the North-West, and intends giving the results of her observations in a series of articles in the London Times.

Mr. Parker, formerly of Rideau Hall, has

received the stewardship of the new Cosmopolitan Club of Montreal.

Dr. Samuel E. Dawson, Queen's Printer; Dr. M. E. Dionne, Librarian Legislative Assembly, Quebec; Archbishop O'Brien and Professor McLeod of Montreal were elected members of the Royal Society before the close of the meeting on Thursday evening of last week. On the same evening the following officers were elected: President, Dr. G. M. Dawson of Ottawa; vice-president, J. M. Lemoine of Quebec; secretary, Dr. Bourinot of Ottawa; treasurer, Dr. Selwyn of Ottawa. This year's meeting of the society was one of the most successful ever held.

Prince Roland Bonaparte arrived in the city from Kingston on Friday. He was the guest of Major-General Cameron while in Kingston. The prince is a guest at Rideau Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Edwards of Rockland spent a few days at the Russell House last week. Mrs. Edwards has just returned from Scotland.

Miss Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. D. C. Chamberlain of Lisgar street, has returned from Pembroke.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, the millionaire lumberman of Westmeath, was in the city on Friday.

Miss Burrows and Miss Powell enjoyed invitations to the race ball given by the officers of the Royal Grenadiers in Toronto on Thursday evening, May 25.

Messrs. McLeod Stewart, E. J. Chamberlain and Dr. R. W. Powell have returned from Echo Beach Fishing Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McCullough, Miss May McCullough, Miss Cameron, Miss Florence Cameron, Mr. J. W. Hooley (Tim), and a large party of Montrealers have gone out to a fishing lodge north of Thurso.

The Rev. H. Pollard, rector of St. John the Evangelist, will sail for England on June 9. Mr. Pollard is the most popular clergyman of the Church of England in Ottawa, and we all think him a dear old gentleman and wish him a good passage and every enjoyment and a safe return.

Lady Grant gave a tea on Wednesday of last week to members of the Royal Society, which was most enjoyable.

Mr. and Miss Marler, Mrs. Toller and Miss Bacon went up to the races at Toronto, and to encourage the Guards. Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Jones, after the races in Toronto, left for Woodstock, where they are the guests of Mrs. T. C. Pattison.

Dr. James Patterson of Buffalo is visiting his father, Hon. Mr. Justice Patterson of Argyle avenue.

Hon. Messrs. Foster, Bowell and Daly have returned to the city after a three weeks' trip in the Maritime Provinces.

Mrs. George H. Perley returned last week from a pleasant visit in Ashville, N.C.

John P. Riley of New York has been made Consul-General for the United States. Mr. Riley will move to Ottawa about the end of June.

There are two weddings hinted at in military circles. Here, I think, are particulars: On June 14, Mr. Douglas W. Cameron, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, assistant accountant of the House of Commons, and son of the late Chief Justice Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron, to Miss Florence Edwards, eldest daughter of Mr. John C. Edwards of Ottawa. On June 22, Major John Hodgins, barrister, junior major of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, to Miss Downes, daughter of Mr. Justice Downes of St. Croix, Maine.

Captain Pouliot is visiting Mr. E. Barry in Montreal.

Mrs. Glennie Anderson left for England on Saturday to visit her sisters, Mrs. Hugh Nelson, wife of the Hon. Hugh Nelson, Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, and Lady

Exclusive Novelties ... **SILKS** Special Sale of Household Napery

Shot and Plain Surahs, Crystallines, Glaces, Bengalines. Printed Foulard and Rougeant Shot Silks and Irish Poplins. Silks Velvets, Shot Corduroys and Plain Velveteens. Black Silk Grenadines, Satin Mervs, Bengalines and Luxors.

Orders by mail receive the same attention and advantages as purchases made personally.

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King Street, opposite the Post Office



Superior in Quality of Tone, Thoroughness of Workmanship and Excellence of Exterior Design and Finish

TORONTO WAREHOUSES - 70 KING STREET WEST

Dillon, wife of Lord Dillon, Ditchley Oxon.

The Rev. Mr. Nell, of New Westminster church, Toronto, preached at both services in St. Andrew's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Todd have returned to the city after a two months' holiday in Toronto.

The Rev. Mr. G. M. W. Carey, of the First Baptist church, stated after his sermon on Sunday evening that he had decided not to withdraw his resignation, which he placed in the hands of the deacons some weeks ago. We therefore presume Mr. Carey intends accepting the call to New Brunswick he received a short time ago.

Rev. Dr. Benson has gone to Cornwall to attend the Montreal conference of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Gordon Edwards of the Ottawa Lumber Company is away on a fishing expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham have returned from a fishing excursion at Mr. Graham's lake up the Gattineau.

Dr. Stephen Wright has returned to the city after an absence of nine years. He will practice here.

Chief McVeety has gone to St. Louis, Mo., on a visit to his son.

Mr. Justice Sedgwick has returned from a visit to Nova Scotia.

Mr. W. A. Harkins, the well known journalist, is soon to become the city editor of the Montreal Star. Mr. Harkins was a very great favorite in the Commons Press gallery. We wish him every success in his new office, and trust he may visit Ottawa often. SCRIBE.

The Truth not to be Spoken at all Times. Carrie—My mamma doesn't like dogs. Playmate—Then how is it your father has so many? Carrie—Because mamma doesn't like them.

Hydro-Vacu
What is It?

It is the latest and most perfect scientific invention for treating the face, just patented by Mrs. Gervaise Graham. It is superior to steam, being neither heating nor smothering in its effects. Does not predispose the user to catch cold. It will be endorsed by every medical man or woman. It removes WRINKLES, because by its use the tissues are lifted out of the old set grooves—dead and decayed tissues are removed, etc. NERVOUS or SICK HEADACHE relieved in a few minutes by the use of Hydro-Vacu. Those ladies who have taken any of our face treatments will be given one with the Hydro-Vacu without extra charge. Send stamps for circulars.

Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM
145 1-2 Yonge Street, Toronto
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR permanently removed by Electrolysis.

Wedding Stationery

Until the end of June we recommend the early placing of orders for wedding invitations, announcements, cards, etc. Estimates furnished for monograms, dies, stamping and illuminating, including the best quality of writing papers, and in all the desirable tints and sizes.

JAS. BAIN & SON
Fine Stationers
53 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

FOSTER & PENDER

CARPETS

We can tell you which are the best wearing Carpets, because Quality has its standard ideals in Carpets as in everything else. Then, of some patterns we can say that they are more popular than others because they happen to be the quickest to greet the average fancy. But Beauty in a Carpet is largely a matter of individual taste, and it's to this great diversity of taste in Carpets that we are able to cater successfully with an almost endless variety of styles in all makes of Carpets and in the choicest colorings and designs. We are direct importers and continually bringing out the very latest productions of the best makers, and our great new stock includes not only all the costly but also all the inexpensive grades of Carpets. Our facilities for pleasing our patrons are really matchless in these respects.

Turkey and India Rugs
China and Japanese Mattings
Linoleums, English Oilcloths
Window Shades, Poles, Fixtures, Etc.

CURTAINS

Every single exhibit in the vast wealth of stylish variety seen in our Lace Curtain department bears the impress of the graceful genius of master designers. Our visitors need not be told that this great collection represents the very latest creations, because it is easy to recognize this fact as each pattern is spread out for inspection. These and other advantages of equal importance to intending purchasers enable us to please people of good taste and who are particular in their choice, which is often decided by a seemingly trifling difference in design.

The same completeness noted in our Lace Curtain department is seen in our large and beautiful display of Silk Curtains and Silks, Cretonnes and other Dainty Stuffs for draping and decorative purposes. And we take great pleasure in showing all these choice goods to our visitors.

Foster & Pender

14 and 16 King St. East

All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"THOUGH LOVE AND LIFE AND DEATH SHOULD COME AND GO."

Isola was alone in the spacious Roman drawing-room with its wide windows and shady loggia. The sun was off that side of the house now, and the Venetian shutters had been pushed back, and between the heavy stone pillars of the loggia she saw the orange and magnolia trees in the garden, and the pale gold of the mimosa beyond. The sun was shining full upon the Hill of Gardens, that hill at whose foot Nero was burned—in secret, at dead of night, by his faithful freedman and the devoted woman who loved him to the shameful end of the shameful life; that hill whose antique groves the wicked Caesar's ghost had once made a place of terror. The wicked ghost was laid now. Modern civilization had sent Nero the way of all phantoms, and fashionable Rome made holiday on the Hill of Gardens. A military band was playing there this afternoon in the golden light, and the familiar melodies of Don Giovanni were wafted ever and anon in little gusts of sweetness to the loggia, where the vivid crimson of waxen camellias and the softer rose of oleander blossoms gave brightness and color to the dark foliage and the cold white stone.

Isola heard those far-off melodies, faint in the distance, without heeding. The notes were beyond measure familiar, interwoven with the very fabric of her life; for those were the airs Martin Disney loved, and she had played them to him nearly every evening in their quiet, monotonous life. She heard unheeding, for her thoughts had wandered back to the night of the ball at Lostwithiel, and all that went after it—the fatal night that struck the death-knell of peace and innocence.

How vividly she remembered every detail; her fluttering apprehensions during the long drive in the dark lanes, up hill and down hill; her eagerness for the delight of the dance, as an unaccustomed pleasure, a scene to which youthful beauty flies as the moth to the flame; her remorseful conscience that she had done wrong in yielding to the temptation which drew her there; the longing to see Lord Lostwithiel once more—Lostwithiel, whom she had vowed to herself never to meet again of her own free will. She had gone home that afternoon resolved to forego the ball, to make any social sacrifice rather than look upon that man whose burning words of love, breathed in her ear before she had enough of nerve or calmness to silence him, had left her seared and seared as if the lightning had blasted her. She had heard his avowal; no room now to doubt the meaning of all that had gone before; no ground now for believing in a tender Platonic admiration, lapping her round with its soft radiance a light but not a fire. That which had burnt into her soul to-day was the fierce flame of dishonoring love—the open avowal of a love that wanted to steal her from her husband, and make her a sinner before her God.

She knew this much—had brooded upon it all the evening—and yet she was going to a place where she must inevitably meet the Tempter.

She was going because it was expedient to go; because her persistent refusal to be there might give rise to guesses and suspicions that would lead to a discovery of the real reason of her absence. She had seen often enough the subtle process, the society search-light by which Trelasco and Fowey could arrive at the innermost working of a neighbor's heart, the deepest mysteries of motive.

She was going to the ball after all, fevered, anxious, full of dim forebodings; and yet with an eager expectancy; and yet with a strange overmastering joy. How should she meet him? How could she avoid him, without ostentatious avoidance, knowing how many eyes would be quick to mark any deviation from conventional propriety? Somehow or other she was resolved to avoid all association with him; to get her card filled before he could ask her to dance; or in any case to refuse if he asked her. He would scarcely venture to approach her after what had been said in the lane, when her indignation had been plainly expressed, with angry tears. No, he would hardly dare. And so—in a vague bewilderment at finding she was at her journey's end—she saw the lights of the little town close upon her, and in the next few minutes her carriage was moving slowly in the rank of carriages setting down their freight at the door of the inn.

Vaguely, as in a dream, she saw the lights and the flowers, the fine dresses and the diamonds, the scarlet and white upon the walls, brush and vizard, and white upon the walls, and the door opened, and the soft, sweet breeze blew among her loosened hair and upon her uncovered neck, and she heard the gentle plish-plash of a boat moored against the quay at her feet.

"This is not home," she cried piteously.

"Yes, it is home, love, our home for a little while—the home that can carry us to the other end of the world, if you will."

The quay and the water and the few faint lights here and there grew dark, and she knew no more till she heard the sailors crying "Yeo, heave, yeo," and the heavy sails swaying and the creak of the boom as it swayed in the wind, and felt the dancing motion of the boat as she cut her way through the waves, felt the strong arm that clasped her, and heard the low, fond voice that murmured in her ear, "Isola, Isola, forgive me, I could not live without you."

That which came afterwards had seemed one long and lurid dream—a dream of fair weather and foul; of peril and despair; of passionate, all-consuming love.

To-day, as she lay supine in the afternoon silence—lying as Tabitha had left her, in a fevered sleep—the vision of that past came back upon her in all its vivid coloring, almost as distinctly as it had re-acted itself in her hours of delirium, when she had lived that chapter of her life over again, and had felt the

ing so well that there was someone else standing against the wall watching her every movement with the love-light in his eyes.

Then came the period after supper when they sat in the ante-room and let the dances go by, hearing the music of waltzes which they were to have danced together, hearing and heeding not. And then came a sudden scare at the thought of the hour—was it late?

Late, very late!

The discovery fluttered and unnerved her, and she was scarcely able to collect her thoughts, as he handed her into the carriage and shut the door.

"Surely it was a white horse that brought me," she exclaimed, and in the next minute she recognized Lostwithiel's brougham, the same carriage in which she had been driven home through the rain upon that unforgettable night when his house sheltered her, when she saw his face for the first time.

Yes, it was his carriage. She knew the color of the lining, the little brass clock, the reading lamp, the black panther rug. She pulled at the check string, but without effect. The carriage drove on slowly, but steadily, to the end of the town. She let down the window and called to the coachman. There was only one man on the box, and he took no notice of her call.

Yes, he had heard her, perhaps, for he drew up his horse suddenly by the roadside, a little way beyond the town. A man opened the door and sprang in, breathless after running. It was Lostwithiel.

"You put me into 'your carriage,'" she cried distractedly. "How could you make such a mistake? Pray tell him to go back to the inn directly."

They were driving along the country road at a rapid pace, and he had seated himself by her side, clasping her hand. He pulled up the window nearest her and prevented her calling to the coachman.

"Why should you go back? You will be home sooner with my horse than with the screw that brought you."

"But the fly will be waiting for me—the man will wonder."

"Let him wonder. He won't wait very long, you may be assured. He will guess what has happened. In the confusion of carriages you took the wrong one. Isola, I am going to leave Cornwall to-night—to leave England—perhaps never to return. Give me the last few moments of my life here. Be merciful to me. I am going away—perhaps for ever."

"Take me home," she said. "Are you really taking me home? Is this the right way?"

"Of course it is the right way. Do you suppose I am going to drive you to London?"

He let down the glass suddenly and pointed out to the night.

"Isola, do you see where we are? There's the sign-post at the cross roads. There's the tower of Tywardreath Church, though you can hardly see it in this dim light. Are you satisfied now?"

He had drawn up the glass again. The windows were growing dim with the mist of their mingled breath; the atmosphere was faint with the odor of the faded chrysanthemums on her gown and the gardenia in the lapel of his coat. All that she could see of the outer world was the blurred light of the carriage lamps. The high-spirited horse was going up and down the hills at a perilous pace. At this rate the journey could not take long.

And then—and then—he came back to the prayer he had breathed in her ear more than twelve hours ago in the wintry lane. He loved her, he loved her, he loved her—could she refuse to go away with him—having woven herself into his life, having made him madly, helplessly in love with her? Could she refuse? Had any woman the right to refuse? He appealed to her sense of honor. She had gone too far—she had granted too much already, granting him her love. She was in his arms in the dim light, in the faint, dream-like atmosphere. He was taking possession of her weak heart by all that science of love in which he was past master. Honor, conscience, fidelity to the absent, piety, innocence, were being swept away in the lava flood of passion. Helpless, irresolute, she faltered again and again, "Take me home, Lostwithiel! Have mercy! Take me home."

He stopped those tremulous lips with a kiss—the kiss that betrays. The carriage dashed down a steep hill, rattled along a street so narrow that wheels seemed to grind against the house fronts on each side, down hill again, and then it drew up suddenly in a stony square, and the door opened, and the soft, sweet breeze blew among her loosened hair and upon her uncovered neck, and she heard the gentle plish-plash of a boat moored against the quay at her feet.

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fury of the waves and breathed the chill, salt air of the tempest-driven sea, and had seen the bright, full moon riding high amidst the cloud-chaos—now appearing, now vanishing, as if she too were a storm-driven bark in a raging sea.

Oh, God! how vividly those hours came back! The awful progress across the bay; the brooding darkness of the brief day; the infinite horror of the long night; the shuddering yacht, with straining spars and broadside beaten by a heaving mass of water, that struck her with the force of a thousand battering-rams, blow after blow, seeming as if the next must always be the last—the final crash and end of all things. The pretty, dainty vessel, long and narrow, rode like an egg-shell on those furious waters—here a long wall of inky blackness, rising like a mountain ridge and bearing down on the doomed ship, and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, a waste of surf, livid in the moonlight. What helpless insignificance, as of a leaf tossed on a whirlpool, when that mountainous mass took the yacht and lifted her on Cyclopean shoulders and shook her off again into the deep, black trough of the sea, as into the depths of hell! And this not once only, nor a hundred times only, but on through that endless-seeming night, on in the sickly winter dawn, and in the faint yellow gleam of a rainy noontide—on through day that seemed mixed and entangled with night, as if the beginning of creation had come round again, and the light were not yet divided from the darkness.

Oh, those passionate, never-to-be-forgotten moments, when she had stood with him at the top of the companion, looking out upon those livid waters, over that sea of death; fondly believing that each moment was to be their last; that the gates of death were opening yonder—a watery way, a gulf to which they must go down, in a moment, in a little moment, in a flash, in a breath, at the next, or the next, or the next mad plunge of the hurrying bark. Yes, death was there, in front of them—inevitable, imminent, immediate—and life and sin, shame, remorse, were done with, along with the life that lay behind them, a page blotted and blurred with one passionate madness, which had changed the color of a woman's life history. She knew not how she bore up against the force of that tempest; clinging to him with her bare, wet arms; held up by him; crouching against the woodwork, which shook and rattled with every blow of the battering-rams. She only knew that his arms were round her, that she was safe with him, even when the leaping surf wrapped her round like a mantle, blinding, drowning her in a momentary extinction. She only knew that his lips were close to her ear, and that in an instant's lull of those awful voices he murmured, "We are going to die, Isola. The boat cannot live through such a sea. We shall go down to death together." And her lips turned to him with a joyful cry, "Thank God!"

Then again, in a momentary pause, he pleaded, "Forgive me, love; my stolen love, forgive me before we die!" And again, "Was it a crime, Isola?" "If it was, I forgive you," she whispered, clinging to him as the blast struck them.

Bitter, cruel revulsion of feeling, bitter irony of fate, when the great grim waves—which had seemed like living monsters hurrying down upon them with malignant fury to tear and to devour—when the awful sea began to roar with a lesser voice and the thunder of the battering-rams had a duller sound, and the bows of the yacht no longer plunged straight down into the leaden-colored pit; no longer climbed those inky ridges with such blind impetus, as of a cockle-shell in a whirlpool. Bitter sense of loss and dismay when the gray, cold dawn lighted a quieter sea and she heard the captain telling Lostwithiel that they had seen the worst of the storm and that there was no fear now. He was going to put on more canvas; and hadn't the lady better go below where it was warm? She needn't feel any way nervous now. They would soon be in the roadstead off Arcachon.

She had not felt the chill change from night to morning. She had not felt the surf that drenched her loose, entangled hair. She hardly knew when or how Lostwithiel had wrapped her in his fur-lined coat; but she found she was so enveloped presently when she stumbled and staggered down to the cabin, and flung herself face downward upon the sofa, in a paroxysm of impotent despair.

Death would have delivered her. The tempest was her friend. But the tempest had passed her by, and left her lying there like a weed, more worthless than any weed that ever the sea cast up to rot upon the barren rocks. Yes, she was left there; left in a life that sin had blighted, loathsome to herself, hateful to her God.

She locked herself in the cabin, while the hurrying footsteps overhead told her that Lostwithiel was working with the sailors.

An hour later, and he was at the cabin door, pleading for one kind word, entreating her to let him see her, were it only for a few moments, to know that she was not utterly broken down by the peril she had passed through. He pleaded in vain. She would give no answer—she would speak no word. Indeed, in that dull agony of shame and despair it seemed to her as if a dumb devil had entered into her. Her parched lips seemed to have lost the power of speech. She lay there, staring straight before her at all the swinging things on the cedar panel—the books and photographs—and lamps and frivolities swaying and vibrating with every movement of the sea. Her hands were clenched until the nails cut into the flesh; her heart was throbbing with dull, slow beats that made themselves torturingly audible. Did God create his creatures for everlastingly, in that awful, incomprehensible eternity that goes before birth—condemned before she was born to this degrading fall, to this utterable shame?

Hours went by, she knew not how. Again and again he came to her door, and talked and entreated—heaven knows how tenderly—with what deep contrition, with what fond pleading for pardon. But the dumb devil held her still. She wrapped herself in a sullen despair—not anger, for anger is active. Hers was only a sullen resistance.

At last she heard him come with one of the sailors, and she could make out from their whispering talk that they were going to force

open the door. Then she started up in a kind of fury, and went and flung herself against the dainty cedar panels.

"If you don't leave me alone in my misery I will kill myself," she cried.

The long night was over, and the sun was high. It seemed as if they were sailing over a summer sea, and through the scuttle port she saw a little town, nestling under pine-clad hills.

She woke from brief and troubled slumbers to see this strange and lovely shore, and at first she fancied they must have sailed back to Cornwall, and that this was some unknown bay upon that rock-bound coast; but the sapphire sea and the summer-like sunshine suggested a fairer clime than rugged Britain.

While she was looking out at the crescent-shaped bay, and the long line of white villas, the anchor was being lowered. The sea was almost as smooth as a lake, and those tranquil waters had the color and the sheen of sapphire and emerald. She thought of the jasper sea—the sea of the Apocalypse, the tideless sea beside that land of the New Jerusalem, where there are no more tears, where there can be no more sin, a city of ransomed souls, redeemed from all earth's iniquity.

A boat was being lowered. She heard the scroop of the rope against the hull; she heard footsteps on the accommodation ladder and then the dip of oars, and presently the boat passed between her and the sunlit waters, and she saw Lostwithiel sitting in the stern with the rudder lines in his hand, while two sailors were bending to their oars, with wind-blown hair and cheery, smiling faces, broad and red in the gay morning sunshine.

He was gone, and she breathed more freely. There was a sense of momentary release in his absence; and for the first time she looked round the cabin, where beautiful and luxurious things lay, thrown here and there in huddled masses of brilliant color. A Japanese screen, a masterpiece of gold and rainbow embroidery on a sea-green ground, flung against the panelling at one end—chairs, vases, wicker-wood tables overturned—Persian curtains wrenched from their fastenings and hanging awry—satin pillows that had drifted into a heap in one corner—signs of havoc everywhere. She stood in the midst of all this ruin, and looked at her own reflection in a long Venetian glass fastened to the panelling, almost the only object that had held its place through the storm.

Her own reflection! Was that really herself, that ghastly image which the glass gave back to her? The reflection of a woman with livid cheeks and blanched lips, with swollen eyelids and dark rings of purple round the haggard eyes, and hair rough and tangled as Medusa's locks, and bare shoulders from which the stained satin bodice had slipped away. Her wedding gown! Could that defiled garment—the long folds of the once shining satin dragged and befooled with the tar of the ropes, heavy and dripping with sea-water—could these tawdry rags be the wedding gown she had put on in her proud and happy innocence in the old bed-room at Dinan, with mother and servants and a useful friend or two helping and hindering?

Oh, if they could see her now, those old friends of her unclouded childhood, the mother and father who had loved and trusted her, who had never hinted at evil in her hearing, had never thought that sin could come near her. And she had fallen like the lowest of woman-kind. She had forfeited her place among the virtuous and happy forever. She, Martin Disney's wife! That good man, that brave soldier who had fought for Queen and country—it was his wife who stood there in her shame, haggard and disheveled.

She flung her arms above her head, and wrung her hands in a paroxysm of despair. Then, with a little cry, she plucked at the loose wild tresses as if she would have torn them from her head; and then she threw herself upon the cabin floor in her agony, and groveled there, a creature to whom death would have been a merciful release.

"If I could die, if I could but die, and no one know," she moaned.

She lifted herself up again upon her knees, and with one hand upon the floor looked round the walls of the cabin—looked among all that glittering array of yhatagans and barbaric shields, damascened steel and jeweled hilts, for some practicable instrument with which she might take her hated life. And then came the thought of what must follow death, not for her in the dim incomprehensible eternity, but for those who loved her on earth, for those who would have to be told how she had been found, in her dragged wedding gown, stabbed by her own hand, on board Lord Lostwithiel's yacht. What a story of shame and crime for picturesque reporters to embellish, and for scandal-lovers to gloat over! No! She dared not kill herself here. She must collect her senses, escape from her seducer, and hide the story of her dishonor.

She took off her gown, and rolled train and bodice into a bundle as small as she could make them. Then she looked about the cabin for some object with which to weight her bundle. Yes, that would do. A little brass dog that was used to steady the open door. That was heavy enough perhaps. She put it into the middle of her bundle, tied a ribbon tightly round the whole, and then she opened the scuttle port and dropped her wedding garment into the sea. The keen winter wind, the wind from pine-clad hills and distant snow mountains, blew in upon her bare neck and chilled her to the bone; but it helped to kill the fever of her mind, and she sat down and leant her head upon her clasped hands, and tried to think what she must do to escape from the tolls in which guilty love had caught her.

She must escape from the yacht. She must go back to England—somehow.

She thought that if she were to appeal to Lostwithiel's honor some spark of better feeling would prevail over the madness which had destroyed her, and he would let her go; he

would take her back to England and facilitate her secret return to the home she had dishonored. But could she trust herself to make that appeal? Could she stand fast against his pleading, if he implored her to stay with him, to live the life that he had planned for her, the life that he had painted so eloquently, the dreamy, beautiful life in earth's most poetic places, the life of love in idleness? Could she resist him if he should plead—it might be with tears—he, whom she adored, her destroyer and her divinity? No, she must leave the yacht before he came back to it. But how?

There were only men on board. There was no woman to whose compassion she could appeal, no woman to lend her clothes to cover her. She saw herself once again in the Venetian glass, in her long-trained petticoat of muslin and lace, so daintily fresh when she dressed for the ball—muslin and lace soddened by the sea, torn to shreds where her feet had caught in the delicate flounces as she stumbled down the companion during last night's storm. A fitting costume in which to travel from Arcachon to London, verily!

She opened a door leading to an inner cabin, which contained bed and bath, and all toilet appliances. Hanging against the wall there were three dressing-gowns, the lightest and least masculine of the three being a robe of Indian camel's hair, embroidered with dull, brown silk—a neutral-tinted, shapeless garment, with loose sleeves and a girdle.

Here, within locked doors, she made her hurried toilet, with much cold water. She brushed her long, ragged hair with one of the humblest of the brushes. She would not take so much as a few drops from the great crystal bottle of eau-de-Cologne, which was held in a silver frame suspended from the ceiling. Nothing of his would she touch, nothing belonging to the man who wanted to pour his fortune into her lap, to make his life her life, his estate her estate, his name her name, could she but survive the ordeal of the divorce court, and free herself from old ties.

She rolled her hair in a large coil at the back of her head. She put on the camel's hair dressing-gown, and tied the girdle round her long, slim waist, and having done this she looked altogether a different creature from that vision of haggard shame which she had seen just now with loathing. She had a curious puritan air in her sad-colored raiment and braided hair.

Scarcely had she finished when she heard the dip of oars, and, looking out in [an agony of horror at the apprehension of Lostwithiel's return, she saw a boat laden with two big milliner's baskets, and with a woman sitting in the stern. The men who were rowing this boat were not of the crew of the Vendetta.

She had not long to wonder. She unlocked her door, and went into the adjoining cabin, while the boat came alongside, and woman and baskets were handed upon the deck.

Three minutes afterwards the cabin boy knocked at her door, and told her that there was a person from Arcachon to see her, a dress-maker with things that had been ordered for her.

She unlocked the door, for the first time since she locked it last night, and found herself face to face with a smiling young person, whose black eyes and olive complexion were warm with the glow of the South, golden in the eyes, carnation on the plump, oval cheeks. This young person had the honor to bring the trousseau which monsieur had sent for madame's inspection. Monsieur had told her how sadly inconvenienced madame had been by the accident by which all her luggage had been left upon the quay at the moment of sailing. In truth, it must have been distressing for madame, as it had evidently been distressing for monsieur in his profound sympathy with madame, his wife. In the meantime she, the young person, had complied with monsieur's orders, and had brought all that there

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was of the best and most Parisian for madame's gracious inspection.

The cabin boy brought in the two baskets, which the milliner opened with an air, taking out the delicate lingerie, the soft silk and softer cashmere—peignoirs, fluffed petticoats, a fluff and flutter of creamy lace and pale satin ribbons, transforming simplest garments into things of beauty. She spread out her wares, chattering all the while, and then looked at madame for approval.

Isola scarcely glanced at all the finery. She pointed to the only plain walking gown among all the delicate prettinesses, the silk and cashmere and lace—a gray tweed tailor gown with no adornment except a little narrow black band.

"I will keep that," she said, "and one set of under linen, the plainest. You can take all the rest of the things back to your shop. Please help me to dress as quickly as you can—I want to go on shore in the boat that carries you back."

"But, madame, monsieur insisted that I should bring a complete trousseau. He wished madame to supply herself with all things needful for a long cruise in the South."

"He was mistaken. My luggage is safe enough. I shall have it again in a few days. I only want clothes to wear for a day or two. Kindly do what I ask."

Her tone was so authoritative that the milliner complied reluctantly, and murmuring persuasive little speeches while she assisted madame to dress. All that she had brought were of the most new—expressly arrived from Paris, from one of the most distinguished establishments in the Rue de la Paix. Fashions change so quickly—and the present fashion was so enchanting, so original. She must be pardoned if she suggested that nothing in madame's wardrobe could be so new or so elegant as these last triumphs of an artistic faiseur.

Madame took no heed of her eloquence, but hurried through the simple toilet, insisted upon all the finery being replaced in the two baskets, and then went upon deck with the milliner.

"I am going on shore to his lordship," she said, with quiet authority, to the captain.

It was a deliberate lie—the first she had told, but not the last she would have to tell.

She landed on the beach at Arcacon—penniless, but with a diamond ring on her wedding finger—her engagement ring—which she knew, by a careless admission of Martin Disney's, to have cost fifty pounds. She left the milliner, and went into the little town, dreading to meet Lostwithiel at every step. She found a complacent jeweler who was willing to advance twenty-five Napoleons upon the ring, and who promised to return it to her on the receipt of that sum, with a bagatelle of twenty francs for interest, since madame would redeem it almost immediately.

Furnished with this money she drove straight to the station, and waited there in the most obscure corner she could find till the first train left for Bordeaux.

At Bordeaux she had a long time to wait, still in hiding, before the express left for Paris—and then came the long, lonely journey—from Bordeaux to Paris—from Paris to London—from London to Trelasco—it seemed an endless pilgrimage, a nightmare dream of dark night and wintry day, made hideous by the ceaseless throb of the engine, the perpetual odor of sulphur and smoke. She reached Trelasco somehow, and sank exhausted in Tabitha's arms.

"What day is it?" she asked faintly, looking round the familiar room as if she had never seen it before.

"Thursday, ma'am. You have been away over a week," the old servant answered coldly.

It was only the next day that Tabitha told her mistress she must leave her.

"There is no need to talk about what has happened," she said. "I have kept your secret. I have let no one know that you were away. I packed Susan off for a holiday the morning after the ball. I don't believe anyone knows anything about you—unless you were seen yesterday on your way home."

Then came stern words of renunciation, a good woman's protest against sin.

(To be continued.)

He Wasn't Dry.

When Daniel Webster visited these parts for the purpose of delivering his Bunker Hill oration, he was entertained at the house of a Charlestown merchant. This merchant was so embarrassed by the honor of the great statesman's presence that he brought out not only one but several decanters of the best liquors he had in the house. Mr. Webster carefully searched out the vessel containing the brandy, and poured from it a drink that to day would be generally termed "a bath," and drank the liquor in a few complacent gulps. The anxiously obliging merchant enquired of Mr. Webster whether he would not like a glass of water. The senator looked up calmly, and in

his most magnificent tones replied urbanely: "I thank you, sir, but I am not thirsty."—*Boston Globe.*

Was I Right?

Sickles was as sick as any man could be. I never expect to be so sick and not die. That is not the question. It is now with Sickles we have to deal. I was brutal with him. That is from living in India. Not only living in India, but in the waste places.

"You can't go, Sickles," I said.

"But I shall go."

"You are a fool."

"Why?" he pleaded.

When a man asks "why he is a fool" I am inclined to tell him—let alone Sickles whom I loved, despite his obstinacy, his ugliness, and his six feet and over.

"Because you'll die on the road."

"Bosh;—it, man, I'm stronger than you. Bah, a little fever never killed a man."

"That may be. I suppose an ordinary fever does not kill. A Roman fever may shake you up a bit; an irrigation fever may dally with your charms, but a famine fever, bless you, old man, can't be trifled with, and go under you will, that's all;" and I blew my smoke into the thin, hot, pulsing air and—

"Well, I have to go," he continued in a wheedling tone. "Confound it. The sight of this famine camp and the horrid festering wretches make me sicker than I am. Come, a little change can't do me harm, and it is only a night's journey."

"You want to see Miss Growler," I snarled.

"Tell the truth and then I'll think of it."

"Well, yes;" and he blushed.

Now, Miss Growler was a pink and white beauty, perfectly proper. She ought to have been put somewhere else than in the center of a non-woman district. It rather disgusted me that this fluff-haired product of a Kentish apple orchard should come in the way of Sickles' life. She never would appreciate Sickles; less dead than alive. She was too cold-bloodedly English to appreciate anything except her national dishes. And for her sake we were to drive all the night through the fever-stricken plain to Tinneville, to pass Christmas in her neighborhood. We were not in Rudyard Kipling's India, but in the India of the South, where it is hot the year round, and the nights are worse than the days, and the vultures pay their calls on you before the undertaker is ready to receive your carcass.

"So you will go," I said, after a decent pause.

"Yes."

"I will have to go, too."

"Decidedly."

"Well," I remarked cheerily, "I can bury you by noon, lunch with the Collector, and dine with Colonel Growler. I don't think it will be time to have a flattering eulogy on the obituary of love. It might shake Miss Growler's digestive powers. Besides, Lumerk always swears he won't preach dully on Christmas morning."

"Yes," he replied wearily, "if I do go under, I should be sorry to spoil your Christmas. You can tuck me away quietly, and tell them afterwards. A death on Christmas day rather knocks the spots out of the festivities. Eh?"

"It is a deuced nuisance anyway. Some fellows can never do the right thing anyhow."

"Ungentlemanly, to say the least," answered Sickles.

It was Christmas eve. A fellow naturally associates this night with Snap Dragon, a dance in the kitchen and a snatched kiss, a roaring fire and the soothing influence of hot punches. It was hot enough. A kind of oppressive, muggy, but swearable weather. The *dak gari*, a coffin-like structure, placed on four low wheels, with a flat roof, where you can perch your servants, and under which you can stow yourselves, was to take us to Tinneville.

Our men were from the North, and the very devils for superstition. Sickles was far worse.

He had three feverish attacks in quick succession, and was so weak that we lifted him bodily into the aforesaid coffin.

"*Sahib bhot bimae bai*," which being translated means, "he was sick to death," and which most apparent fact I rudely denied.

Our beds were made up, and we proceeded to sleep. The sliding doors were wide open, and showed a dismal stretch of country, glaringly white in the bright shine of the moon, broken here and there with a thick patch of fruit trees, under which nestled a miserable hutage, and from which emanated a strong, though pleasing, smell of cattle—a sweet scent when you are alone on the desert, I can assure you.

Sickles lay for a time on his side, looking at the country, and mumbling something pre-eminently stupid about Edith—that was Miss Growler.

I didn't answer him. He began to shake, and I knew another attack was on him. I planked a lot of quinine in his mouth, drew

over him a blanket and closed the side nearest him.

Hot! Have you ever been in an oven? His face was getting whiter and his teeth were chattering, making a noise more intensely painful than the clatter of a skillful castanet player.

When theague left, a hot and burning fever came, and I saw his face getting red and blotchy.

"Just a little water, old man," I got it from the servant, and he took a gulp.

"You'll tell Edith that no man who considers himself a gentleman would go to dinner in his pajamas, won't you?"

"Certainly," I replied. That's the way with a famine fever. You lose your head, and talk nonsense.

He rambled on. The fever grew stronger; a few minutes after midnight he grew cold.

"Armiger, old man," he whispered, "it's no go. I sha'n't see her. I feel I am going through. I've spoiled your Christmas, but don't spoil hers."

"Nonsense, nonsense; that's always the way you spoke," and I pulled open the slides. He leaned out eagerly, and drew in a long breath of the fast cooling air.

"No, my pulse is going," he said. "I can't feel it. It should be stronger. It's only a question now of hours. We had better stop."

"Sickles, you are a brute," I said, almost choking. "Why do you—yes, why do you upset my nerves?"

"Your hand, old boy. We have been through tight places together, Armiger. Both you and I have seen and scented death. I am marked for the slaughter. Tell Edith I thought of her to the last." His voice was getting weaker.

He threw his head on one side and gazed out. A hideous black thing floated by. The *dak gari* stopped.

"How is the sahib?" said an anxious voice and a still more frightened face.

"I am well," said Sickles feebly. "Drive on."

He raised himself, and threw his head on my shoulder.

"Armiger, I'm going. Good-bye."

There was a little rattling in his throat; a quiver ran through his huge frame. His head sank lower on my breast and—

I pulled the slide to; I heard the men on the *dak gari* roof give a shout as if affrighted by some foul thing.

Again the carriage stopped and again was the question put.

"Hush," I said, "the sahib is sleeping."

We passed Colonel Growler's bungalow at four. The morning was actually cool. I saw already the preparations for the matrimonial ride, and saw her gray Arab which poor Sickles so much admired.

I buried Sickles before noon. I thought I would have told Edith, but I saw her happy face look strangely enquiringly at the house—and I obeyed Sickles.

The American missionary, God bless him, who read the prayers over his humble grave, and I dined together.—*J. H. Gilmour in San Francisco News Letter.*

Making a Raise.

There's a certain business man in Chicago who is as cranky as he can well be and is at the same time very careless in his business affairs. But he is very rich and has a big establishment, and not an employee likes him.

About a year ago one of his clerks, getting \$1,000 a year, approached him on the subject of an increase in salary. The old man got hot in a minute.

"How much are you getting now?" he asked. The clerk was about to tell him when a happy thought struck him.

"Two thousand a year," he replied firmly.

"Um-um," he said, "you are a good clerk and I'll see what can be done for you."

Then he dismissed the clerk and called in the manager.

"Make Jones' salary \$1,800 a year," he said. The manager was about to offer an explanation.

"Do as I tell you," said the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to come in here dictating to me how much money to pay my people."

By this time the manager had comprehended the situation, and he forthwith put Jones on the \$1,800 list, and six months later, when the old man found how he had been worked, he called Jones in and told him he would restore him to the \$2,000 list, and Jones was shrewd enough to take the twinkle in the old man's eye in good faith and say nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Easy One.

Casey was digging a ditch in the street in front of his house for the purpose of making a connection with the sewer. He had a large pile of dirt thrown up in the roadway, and he was rapidly increasing it when stopped by a policeman.

"That are yes don't there, Casey?"

"Don't yer see O'm diggin'?"

"Hov yer a permit to blockade the strath with that pile of dirt?"

"O' hov not."

"Thin don't yer know that yer hov no right to put that dirt there?"

"Phat will O' do wid it, thin?" enquired the puzzled Casey.

"Oh, jist dig another hole an' 'pro it in," answered the man of the brass buttons as he sauntered slowly away, swinging his club.—*Boston Journal.*

Cuban Affairs.

The much advertised Cuban revolution has apparently been postponed on account of the weather. The leaders, two brothers named Sartorius, or something of the kind, were coldly received, hence the fizzle.

It is nothing unusual to read of a revolutionary tidal wave that is to sweep over the "ever-faithful isle," but it never sweeps. The war cloud looms up and then it looms down again, making a very cheap dramatic performance. We read that there is war in the air, but it stays there and nobody is hurt.

The Spanish government has adopted a remarkably successful plan to squelch revolutions in Cuba. The old plan of stamping out

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the incipient uprising did not pan out satisfactorily. The Spanish soldiers were bushwhacked, poisoned, and most of the survivors usually went into the real estate business permanently from fever and exposure. The expense for quinine and caskets was very heavy, so the Captain General tried a new remedy.

Whenever a Cuban patriot obtains sufficient influence to start a revolution, he is soothed with hush-money, even as the young husband administers paregoric to the colicky infant. A few thousand dollars paid over to the leaders of the threatened revolution cause the fires of patriotism to burn low, just as a hundred-dollar bill in the hands of the foreman of an American jury brings about a sudden unanimity in the previously hung jury. It takes money to "explain things" to certain American congressmen, so a celebrated American railroad magnate testified before an investigating committee.—*Texas Siftings.*

Undue Curiosity.

Usually the private affairs of other people are of more interest to the average man or woman than any other. "Would you like to look through the big telescope?" asked one girl of another, to which the latter replied, like a true daughter of Eve, "No, I'd rather a great deal look through a keyhole."

By the way, glass windows were first used in the year 1180. Previous to that time domestic affairs were observed through knot holes.

Nothing stirs up a woman's curiosity or exasperates her so much as to have a newsboy scot along the street about midnight, bellowing: "Ereseyerxtry! Turble wozgle, wozgle loo! All 'bout 'sposion and death. Ereseyerxtry!"

History is full of remarkable illustrations of excessive curiosities. The Queen of Sheba performed a tedious pilgrimage merely to get a sight of King Solomon. A woman once jammed herself into a clock-case to acquire the secrets of masonry. Acteon encountered a cruel death in order to learn what stuff a goddess was made of, and curiosity to know what cards an opponent is holding has caused much financial distress. Yes, indeed, curiosity makes countless thousands mourn.

Speaking of curiosity, the Art Museum in Central Park is full of natural curiosities, but none of them are as great as the natural curiosity to know how Tammany is going to fare at the Cleveland pie counter.—*Texas Siftings.*

Failed to Size up His Congregation.

"Now," said the professor of magic, "I am about to undertake a feat in which I shall require the use of a pint flask of whisky."

There was a dead silence.

"Will some gentleman in the audience favor me with a pint flask of whisky?" asked the professor, advancing to the front of the platform.

There was no response, and things were becoming embarrassing.

"Surely," he said, "in a Southeastern Kentucky community I ought not to have to ask a second time for such a thing. I pledge you my word I will return it uninjured. Is there no—"

"Stranger," spoke up a tall, gaunt, hard-featured man on a front seat, "wouldn't a quart flask do just as well?"

"Why, certainly. I merely—"

But the generous, open-handed audience had risen as one man and was on the way to the platform.—*Chicago Tribune.*

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. O. S. Stout, Syracuse, N.Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

No Change.

"Do you find things much changed in New York?" said a gentleman to an old man who had lived in foreign countries all his life, and was here on a visit.

"Almost everything is changed, except the pavements. They are just the same as they were when my grandfather was a boy. They ain't a bit worse now than they were then."

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption, and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."

H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

"Dat's jess de way!" said Rastus. "Here I's stole and stole chickens for years an' never got caught. But de minnit I goes an' buys a hen for supper I'm rested 'picion. Honesty's de wust policy I eber seed."

If You Have

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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

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will cure you

Very Likely. Father (to extravagant son)—Now, just suppose for an instant that I at your age had behaved as you do, what would I have been today?

Son.—Well, you would have been penniless, and I'd have had a chance to become a useful citizen.

From Rymal's Home.

MIDDLEPORT, May 29.—Mr. Archie Rymal of Brantford, was an old-time resident of this place. As his many friends believed his case incurable, it may be imagined that the following paragraph from the *Courier* was gratifying to everyone:

"Mr. Rymal's case which is known to be true, proves beyond a doubt that Dodd's Kidney Pills are of great merit for the purposes they are intended, viz: Bright's disease of the kidneys, rheumatism, backache, etc. It has certainly attracted the attention of the public by several marvelous cures, and Mr. Rymal's case occurring in this city brings the truth home to every fireside in Brantford and vicinity."

Rembrandt the Remnant.

"I saw a painting by an old master to-day in New York," said Mrs. Spriggins.

"What was his name?" asked Spriggins.

"Let me see—Remnant, I think. Yes, I'm sure it was Remnant. He was one of the last of the great painters, I believe."

World's Fair and Back.

The shortest and best route from Canada to the Columbian Exposition is via the new Wabash, Detroit & Chicago short line just opened, and is now running four solid trains daily, passing through principal Canadian cities without any change, finest sleeping day coaches and dining cars in the world, landing passengers at Dearborn station in the business center of the city, near cable cars and leading hotels. Take no World's Fair ticket unless it reads via Detroit and the banner route. Full particulars from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A Fit Substitute.

"Do you think travel broadens the mind?" asked Barker at the club.

"It depends on the mind," replied Warren.

"I think a glove-stretcher would do quite as well for Chappie Bronson's, for instance."

New Facts About the Dakotas

Is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

"Johnny, Mr. Barlow tells me he caught you in his apple tree to-day. What were you doing there?"

"Studying."

"What? Don't lie to me, Johnny. What were you studying?"

"Apples."

Fortune Teller (to extravagantly dressed girl)—Your husband will be a poor man—unless—

Maiden (eagerly)—Unless what?

Fortune teller—You dress more economically than you do now.

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will restore a lost appetite, lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed by a few doses of this remarkable remedy. PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

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It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

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Reasoning Woman!

is not the extinct creature that cynics would have us believe. This is one of the thousands, who, having seen the beneficial results of BABY'S OWN SOAP on the most tender and delicate skins, reasons that it must be pure, that it must be free from irritating qualities, and that it must be henceforth exclusively her own and her baby's soap. Beware of imitations.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. VII TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1893. [No. 28]

"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

The Drama.

THE production of Erminie occupied the Grand during the first half of the week. It, being a musical and social event, is treated in its proper corner of this paper. Sothorn, at the same house, is making the latter half of the week and the last three nights of the season famous among theater-goers. None should miss the opportunity of seeing him, for it is becoming harder every year to buy his absence from New York, even for a three nights' engagement.

Moore's Muse possesses a strong list of attractions this week in the theater. The McAvoy gives some good songs and dances, and Nettie Bond has a very remarkable power of enunciation, her songs being very distinct and heard at the end of the theater. Dolan and Lesabre introduce an act which mainly consists of mind reading and is very similar to that of Mr. and Mrs. Rouchere, who were here a short time ago. They are followed by an extremely graceful dancer, Jessie Lindsay, in a Spanish dance which is very picturesque and induces one to think that Spain is a pleasant country to live in. Burns and Burns, in a very clever musical act in which they perform with skill upon half a dozen instruments, bring the entertainment to a close.

The Upper Hand has been running this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's, and next week The Diamond Breaker will come. After that there will be one further attraction, the season closing June 17.

On the Queen's Birthday at Victoria park and at the House of Providence grounds, Clifford M. Calverley, the young man who has recently sprung into such prominence as a high wire artist, gave both afternoon and evening performances. He is really a phenomenon, and it is no wonder that he was in such demand for the holiday. It has often been pointed out that his performance over the Niagara gorge excels Blondin's famous act, in that his wire was a mere thread compared with Blondin's cable, but Calverley not only walks the high wire, but proves himself a regular acrobat. He indulges in high kicking, uses his pole for a skipping rope, takes a sudden header to one side and catches by his knees and then by his toes, walks on stilts, turns round and round, carrying the pole around with him, balances himself on a chair, reading a paper and smoking a cigarette, walks blindfolded and stands on his head. He also puts a stove in a wheelbarrow, goes to the middle of the wire and cooks a meal. All these things he does and many more equally daring, never with the slightest embarrassment or show of caution. Some people cannot enjoy looking at a high wire walker, but the great majority are thrilled and fascinated by it. It necessitates a courage and agility that are admirable, and although there is a foolishness about it that we all affect to condemn, yet in truth we secretly have an interest in one who in any line outstrips all predecessors. This young Torontonian who in the course of a year has surpassed all the wire-walking records of history, is therefore an object of legitimate interest and when he next season, under the management of Mr. E. S. Jackson, sets out to astonish Europe the good-will of this city will go with him.

An Irish Race Meeting.

THAT Irish race-courses are situated as a rule several miles from anywhere, is not accounted one of their disadvantages, for it is the "going to" and "returning from" the course which to a great extent constitutes the pleasure you derive from attending a race meeting. A good plan is not to expect much of the races and then you will not be disappointed.

If you are in Dublin, or any other of the Irish cities, and read in one of the newspapers that a certain regiment of Hussars are about to hold their steeplechases and you decide to attend, there will be first a journey by rail to the largest town within ten miles of the course, where you will have to put up for the night.

You need have no fear of not enjoying this part of the excursion, for in any season save the dead of winter a railway journey is most enjoyable. Then there are usually enough good whist players assembled in the hotel parlor in the evening to get up a game, which you can prolong into the small hours if you so desire, for you will not have to rise early on the morrow.

Early in the afternoon there will be a special train to the railway station nearest the course, but having reached this don't attempt to walk to the track. Drive a bargain with one of the many car-drivers to take you there for a shilling, and then get on the car. You will then, in all probability, have a drive of at least two Irish miles before you.

I have just returned from attending such a race-meeting, and while the memory of it is fresh I may as well tell you of some of the things I saw and did, and some things not to do should you ever attend one which resembles it.

In the first place, don't travel first-class-travel third. It is ten chances to one but that on such an excursion all the first-class carriages will be over-crowded, and you will be compelled to travel third, with a first-class ticket in your pocket.

Should such an incident as the following happen to you on the journey to the course, it is always well to keep your temper. Now, when yourself and one or two companions have comfortably ensconced yourselves in as clean a third-class smoking apartment as you can find, don't growl and look surly if the balance of the apartment is filled up by a party of three ladies, each accompanied by a gentleman. Don't assure them that they are in a third-class smoking apartment; they know it to their sorrow. They have been forced, as I have said before, to travel third, even if they have paid for first. If it is any pleasure to you, take to yourself the compliment which their presence in your compartment implies. They will have chosen your particular compartment because your friends and yourself are presumably gentlemen, and as gentlemen don't smoke where ladies are, don't make any ado about it, but quietly drop your cigar out of the window, and if you can't succeed in getting interested in a newspaper, listen to the ladies talk "horse" or "rider."

Now, most ladies are proficient talkers on the latter subject, and you may hear something interesting. Men who ride, and especially officers who ride, are the ladies' special pets, so why should they not be proficient? Who ever knew a person with a hobby who couldn't talk you to death on it? Then they never have any trouble in finding something to say on such a topic, for if all else fails there is always someone's broken arm or skull to ask about. This may account for its popularity.

Should one of the ladies become too enthusiastic in the praises of an absent officer, one of her gentleman companions is liable to become sarcastic—that is, as sarcastic as possible.

His attempt usually runs somewhat in this style: "Ah, yes; very democratic fellow. Rides in third-class carriages on principle, don't you know. Says there should be no classism. Very unromantic fellow, too, don't you know; punches a football for exercise every morning. Ah, beastly odd fellow, don't you know. Shouldn't wonder if he committed suicide."

When the cardriver pulls up at a gateway, within sight of the stand, don't let him persuade you that it is as near as he can take you. He only wants to get rid of you so that he will be able to hurry back to get a second load from the station, and after the races are over you will find him with his car backed neatly up against the stand gate, using all his eloquence to persuade you and others to patronize his car for the return journey.

To see the races will not cost you anything if you stay in the field. The stand will cost you five shillings if you patronize it, but you may as well forego this slight expense and stay in the field, unless you want to save money. This sounds paradoxical, but I assure you that by the time the afternoon is over you will have found the field the dearest place.

In the first place, you will think that because you have deprived yourself of the stand you can afford to give pennies to blind beggars, of which there will be plenty handily looking for such people as yourself, and before the afternoon is over you will have the satisfaction of running across one of them, watching a close race with more interest than yourself, for it is quite probable that he has more money on it than you have.

A race meeting is never complete without the two clowns who do tumbling and crack hoary-headed jokes, of which the following is a good sample. The clowns speak a good brogue and the dialogue is made up of short, concise sentences.

"Sure an' it's meself as knows where there's an iligit collection of mite-stones," says clown number one.

"Where?" asks number two.

"Down by the church," says the first.

"Arrah, go long; those are tombstones," replies number two.

"They're mite-stones," reiterates number one.

"Didn't I see the numbers on them?"

"Oh, hould yer whist," says number two contemptuously. "Those numbers are only to tell the people as is buried there, how far they live from one another."

Then the crowd haw haws, and while one of the clowns passes around the hat the other one demonstrates how eggs can be extracted from an empty bag.

Everybody, you know, has a "system" of betting which is sure to win at such games as roulette, and I was no exception. I had long awaited a chance to give it a fair trial, and as there were roulette tables galore on the course I changed four shillings into pennies and proceeded to select a table for my play. If my system proved a sure winner, as I expected it would, there were in my mind dim visions of a pilgrimage to Monte Carlo's vaulted and frescoed halls. However, like all systems propounded so far, mine proved a failure, yet I believe it had some merits, for it took the roulette man over an hour to win my four shillings, but then a dollar an hour is not bad pay even for a man who runs a roulette table.

Then there are the three card monte men. Now this is one of the things which though old is always new. No matter how often one has seen this trick performed, one always is filled with the conviction that he can pick the winning card. I don't set myself up as an exception, for even this afternoon I lost more from my hankering to pick it than the editor, no matter how liberal he may be, will give me for this article.

One of the proper things to do, should you stay in the field, is to go over and watch the riders take what I think is called the "regulation" jump. This jump consists first of a whitewashed bar, about a foot above the ground, then a wide ditch surrounded by a

high hedge. The combination forms a veritable man-trap. Close to this jump you will always find a bevy of ladies, why, no one knows. This afternoon when a young lady joined a group near it, she was asked if she had come to see a man broken all up into little bits. She replied that she had, and that it was also her desire to get a piece of one who had been so treated, to carry away as a memento.

Another Don't I give unto you. Don't take any tips or even use your own judgment and bet with the bookmakers. If you really want to lose your money, make up hat pool with your friends, then you will only have your luck to blame and not your judgment or credulity.

When you get to the station, select a carriage where the men appear congenial, and pile in and fill it up. Then there will, in all probability, be a round of stories to enliven the return journey. The stories will be of the short and scrappy variety, somewhat in this strain. This particular story was told by a fox-hunt looking old gentleman. Talking about big walls he said reminded him of a part of the country he used to ride. The earth walls were so high and wide that it took two jumps to clear one. You had first to jump on top of it and then jump down, and you sometimes found the field you jumped into a foot or so lower than the one you jumped from. There were two friends, strangers to that part of the country, who attempted to follow the hounds. They had just got well away and were riding along at a stiff pace when the one ahead encountered such a fence, and his horse taking him over it on the double-jump plan dropped him out of sight of his friend behind, who, upon losing sight of him, reined in and yelled out: "What's over there?" and as all the reply he could get out of his friend was, "Thank God, I am," he rode along until he found a five-bar gate, which he jumped in preference. Having finished this story the old gentleman leaned back and chuckled, then essaying to wipe the perspiration from his bald head wiped off his spectacles, which he had pushed up under his hat so that they would be handy if needed. After this followed "eagle" stories, "dog" stories and "men and women" stories. Our party reached home safe, sound and hungry. It is now bedtime, and I have "that tired feeling" combined with headache. Moral—Don't drink bottled ale sold on race-courses. *A revoir.* HARRY A. BROWN.

Clonmel, Ire.

Western Studies from Life.

A MAN.

THIS is no man in the world who so frankly reveals his individuality and is so careless of your criticisms thereon, as the American of the West. He is touchy about his city, open to flattery about his wife, adoring and slavish to his children, but utterly callous about himself. He is your devoted cavalier, the recipient of your confidences, the bearer of your burdens, and of all imaginable escorts the most perfect. No matter how big a business he manages, his brains and thoughts and protection are yours while he is in charge of you. He may have a strike on hand, but the fact won't be known to you, unless you stumble on it by chance. He does what you suggest; your whims are his wishes. While he is full of knowledge and resources he willingly puts aside his own ideas and enters into yours with hearty sympathy and interest. He listens deferentially to your words and only asserts himself on a pinch, to help you out with a phrase, a simile, or a climax, for want of which you pause and falter. His laugh is infectious, but not boisterous; his humor quaint and bright. He is deliciously modest as to his own attainments, rather reticent as to his own affairs, just and courteous to the stranger, quiet and cordial to the friend. He dresses beautifully, unostentatiously, but delicately mindful of all the niceties of small things which make for refinement and exquisite neatness. He considers it a duty he owes to others to appear to the best advantage. If he wears a beard it is trimmed in the cut most suited to his avocations and predilections; if he is clean-shaven, his expressive mouth, snowy teeth and firm-cut chin are further revelations good to look at. He is towards women incapable of a doubtful word. It never occurs to him to retail to them an unclean story, even though they stand so nearly related as to be with him one flesh. In the West the women tell the doubtful stories to each other and you seldom hear a husband quoted as their authority. The Western man is nature's gentleman; the Western woman, except by rare chance, is not worthy of him. His quiet reserve and thoughtfulness for others, his care for the niceties of habit and speech, his gentle tact and manly willingness to take all the crust and give the woman he cherishes all the cake, make his memory dear to the one who gives him consideration. His calm and unperturbed confronting of severe and disastrous business crises; his courageous hopefulness and unabated pluck in the face of reverses; his adaptability and resource in trying situations; his self-abnegation and devotion, all expressed in a matter-of-course way that wins one's respect and regard—these traits are the glory of the Western man in his high and not half appreciated manhood. God bless him!

A WOMAN.

Above all else she aims to cultivate manner, pose, tone. She anxiously apportions her smile to express the very emotion proper to the moment. A volume might be written on the Western woman's smile! Beside it the Eastern smile degenerates into a meaningless grimace. She is never languid—but even when quiet, which is rarely, she is alert, forceful and primed for any demand upon her mental and physical might. She is charmingly cordial, even if she has never laid eyes on nor heard of you until the moment when you stand vanquished by the sunshine of her smile. She thinks before she speaks, just a second's pause, a gathering of her wits together, a concentrating of herself, as it were, that she may give you of her best. This is to the sensitive soul such a subtle flattery that it can only be met by admiring attention and never adequately returned. The Western woman is absolutely fearless; night may be dark, man

may be dull, mice may scurry round the room—the Western woman will allow a momentary dilation of her open nostril, or a tiny compression of her sensitive lips to whisper of impatience, that is all. Her inner soul adores millinery, dress, ornaments, and when you fail to kindle the divine spark in any other way you can blow a fair flame if you desire a description of her very dearest gown—either present or to come—of course a past gown is an impossibility. As to her attitude towards men—she usually ignores them. Nothing is more amazing to the untutored mind of the Easterner than the relations of the sexes among the cultured classes of the West. A Western woman would no more dream of addressing her husband by a pet name, or indeed, seldom by his Christian name, than she would dream of decorating his coat-tails with a ribbon sash. When she doesn't ignore him, she graciously tolerates him; if you try to discuss him with her she changes the subject. She has positively no interest in nor ideas upon the matter. In the matter of her household she is very generous, moderate, but insistent. Things must be properly attended to; children must not be neglected, though she doesn't often spend personal effort upon their care—her way is that of a Czarina, who acknowledges no Czar; her servants admire her and admit her superiority, though they do not respect her in the least. She is, when it suits her, hard and indifferent, but never obtuse. She rules while she has power to draw breath, and if she could not rule she would just as leave die. She has opinions and likes to express them; she burns to convert other women to her ideas; she may be a Deistsartean, or a woman suffrage leader, or a politician of one party or the other; whatever she is, she throws her mind and will and influence fearlessly into the question. She can argue, so she thinks, but she is never logical, nor can she always give a reason for the hope that is in her. In religious matters she is, as might be expected, a formalist, and no one trait in her is quite so puzzling as her attitude towards spiritual things. She is a clever, clear-minded, capable and elegant thing, but she does not fill the bill which in the East sums up the qualities of the perfect woman.

G. E. D.

A Plea for Humanity.

COME, let us talk of graves, worms and epitaphs. What is it that children love about a trolley car? Have you watched them playing sportively about the cars lately? At first you approach with confidence and advice. But the children care nothing for you nor your advice and they take no round-about way of telling you so. You retire with precipitation as from a hornet's nest. They also care nothing for the worn-out horse car, but give them sparks, a whizz and danger, and you give them happiness.

After school the small boy and his sister come to the trolley car. It is not the sister who is able to take care of herself, not at all the sister who goes to school, but it is the youngest of the family, who has fat, uncertain legs, and whose speech is as yet quite inarticulate. She glows over the trolley car, it is her own particular nursery toy and the small boy cannot compete with her in doting. He would much rather be without her, for it sometimes enters even his mind that this rash young female connection of his must be in danger. It does not seem natural even to him to see a small person whose locomotion is still to a great extent overcome by clothes, tottering in front of an agonized motor-man. One day last week a boy who is coming to the age when we entertain vague ideas on the value of life, encountered a party of train wreckers. He is sensitive, having a sister of his own who wears a blue plush cape by which I have seen him remove her from immediate contact with the wheels. Three young tender plants had provided themselves with lumps of coal which they arranged carefully on the tracks, and then retired to ambush, leaving a sister, scarcely visible to the naked eye, owing to her extreme youth, to see what happened. My young friend couldn't approve of this; he didn't care about the train-wrecking, but the girl—he addressed a somewhat impassioned remonstrance on the subject to the ambush. They received it with jeers and contumely and he moved away, his eyes fixed on the sister, with the hurt and astonished expression of the well meaning but unappreciated giver of advice.

Was she killed? Not that time; neither was the car wrecked, which evidently grieved the small boy and his sister very much. PENNY.

Recognized His Own Handiwork.

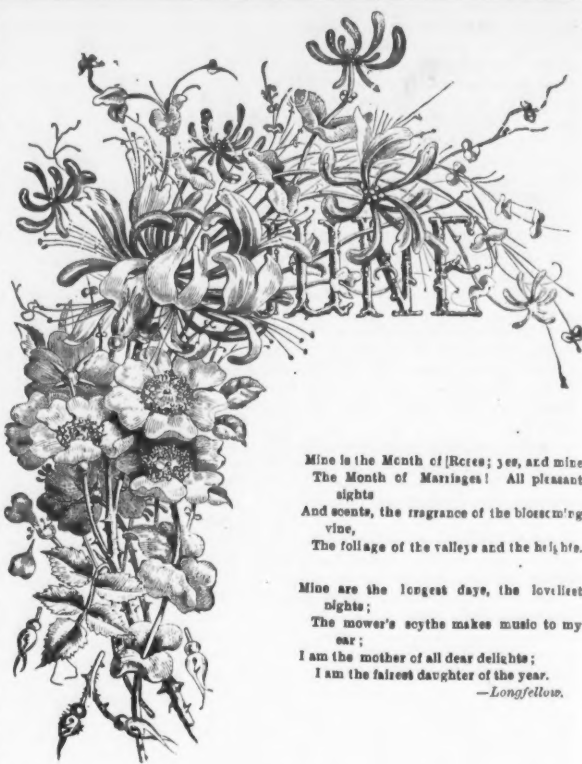
The Reverend Mr. Harps (mildly sarcastic)—I believe there was one person in the congregation who did not look around when the altar corner entered. For his benefit I will say that the person who just came in was Brother Limpy Watkins.

Alkali Ike (who did not look around)—Much obliged, Parson; but I knowed who it was "bout lookin'." Recognized him by the sound of his walk. I did it for him myself.

Cause For Thanks.

Boy—Father sent me up to say that he would be very thankful if you wouldn't lay any more carpets to night—he can't sleep—

B. Flat—Go down and tell your father not to let my hammering prevent him from feeling thankful—tell him to be thankful his carpets are laid—and, above all, to be thankful he sent you up instead of coming himself. Git out!



Mine is the Month of [Rever] ye, and mine
The Month of Marriages! All pleasant
sights
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming
vine,
The foliage of the valleys and the hills,
The flowers of the fields and the meadows.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest
nights;
The mower's scythe makes music to my
ear;
I am the mother of all dear delights;
I am the fairest daughter of the year.
—Longfellow.

Give Us a Show.

For Saturday Night.

[NOTE.—The following verses were composed and written by a prisoner in the Toronto Jail within the past fortnight. The editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, from a personal knowledge of the fact, vouches for it, and gives the verses to the public. The writer of the verses is not of a poetic turn, but in serving a term of imprisonment for drunkenness, he resented the debasement of which he was keenly conscious, and experienced an intensity of emotion that found for him thoughts an unfamiliar method of expression. These lines are the result. As a voice from the cells, full of the prisoner's bitterness of heart, this plaint should be listened to.—Ed.]

There's a moan that goes from these jail cells,
A heart-ory that God only hears,
In the fierce undertone that runs with it
The hiss of the devil appears.
There's a prayer for the justice of heaven,
And a curse for all things below,
And its burden, as upward it rises,
Is, give us poor devils a show!
On these leaves of a battered old Bible,
It's wicked, but somehow it suits,
With the stub of a pencil Dan Kidney
Brought here in one of his boots,
I'll appeal to men's sense of what's justice,
To Toronto's sense of what's right,
On behalf of us men, for we are men,
Supporting we sometimes get tight.
We've our faults. Why shouldn't we have them?
I started in life as a kid
A-bustling and selling the papers,
And lived as most street Arabs did.
And if some of our habits are painful,
Are what people call "fearful low,"
Why, that surely is not any reason
We shouldn't be given a show!

That the fairest of Canada's cities
Should have to rely for defence,
On those men who are chosen for inches
And not on account of their sense—
On a lot of fat, foreign-bred hirelings,
Too vicious or stupid to know
That in Canada every freeman
Has a fair and square right to a show,
Is a shame—yes, a shame—and we suffer.
Although we're not all of us crooks,
The slaps that we made in our boyhood
Are noted in head quarters books,
And they know it, these brass-buttoned bullies,
And when maddened by bluster and blow,
We arise in our manhood, resist them,
And are we then given a show?
They club us, these big-waisted heroes,
Who wish to be sergeants some day,
And have a large record, arresting,
Is the surest and easiest way.
They take no chance themselves, though;
They shoot as they're hurt, well we know,
And against both their pistols and batons
We haven't got much of a show.
Half-unconscious and wounded and bleeding,
We're thrown in half-stuffed cages
In that hell-hole of filth and of torture,
That underground dungeon, "the cage."
In the morning when dawn's sunbeams shake us
We're all marshalled up from below,
The colonel that day's in a hurry,
And are we then given a show?

Our half-brotherly spirit are all raked up,
And noted and thrown in our face.
Can we never start fresh? Must we carry
A handicap all through the race?
And two months' of life are then wasted
In moving the hill here below,
For policemen all want promotion,
While all that we want is a show.
In the quiet of our cells, bitter brooding,
The shadows of night drawing round us,
Our heart-strings they tighten within us
And crush all out except sin.
We'll return to the world we're at war with
And through it we'll recklessly go,
And we fear not and care not for persons
Refusing to give us a show.

History tells, in all social upheavals,
When anarchy's life is the strife,
The hell-bound of vengeance and hate,
If one comes in our time, we will be there,
And then men will probably know
That we demons are merely the outcome
Of not being given a show.

Trust the Children.

Trust the children! Never doubt them!
Build a wall of love about them.
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children! Don't suspect them!
Let your own fancies direct them.
At the hearth, or in the wilderness,
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones! Run amber
May is not like child December,
Let not words of rage or madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones! Yet guide them!
And, above all, never deride them.
Should they trip, or should they falter,
Lead you leap love's cords asunder.

Trust the children! Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure;
Father's love in their own fiding;
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children, just as He did,
Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded,
Trust and guide, but never doubt them;
Build a wall of love about them.
Mrs. M. A. Kidder in New York Ledger.

Between You and Me.



CHICAGO is great fun! I don't think I ever passed a more lively and interesting ten days than from the 12th to the 22nd of the past month. Everything went, and went quickly—tongues, brains, bicycles, hours—everything but money; that seemed to go more slowly than it does right here in Toronto. One can live on ten dollars a day in Chicago, but one can also live on two and have quite as good a time one way as the other. I know, for I have tried them both. Talking of the two-dollar rate reminds me of the Dairy Farm, a large, noisy, down-town cafe, where I got many a meal, not particularly attractive in itself, but accompanied by Hungarian Gypsy music, which more than counterbalanced the drawbacks of noise, crowds and peculiarities of attendance. They had darkey waiters to begin with, but the very second morning, when I marched up to the door, I encountered a "cloud of witnesses," otherwise about forty black men on the pavement—our waiters of the day before, who had just gone out on strike. Confusion, Irish, Dutch and American, reigned within, while the darkeys grinned and blustered outside. After half an hour I got breakfast, and little by little the crowd outside melted away; the faces of those who still stood their ground began to look melancholy. New importations of white waiters took their erratic way with dishes and eatables, and the Dairy Farm weathered the strike and was soon as busy as ever.

For the benefit of lots of people who are not too fastidious and who love the Gypsy music, I would say a good word for the Dairy Farm, which is in the heart of the city on State street, not three minutes' walk from the Palmer House, and the Marquette Hotel, in which latter hostelry is the Canadian Club, and where I had a quiet room with a most restful bed. When I viewed this room, the first thing I noticed was a mouse-hole. I regret to say that I was ashamed to object to the room on that account; but when, in the still midnight, I found myself alone with that mouse hole, I wished I had! I put two pairs of slippers handy on the bed, and hesitated about putting out the light, but the legend depending from the chandelier, announcing that gas burned after twelve o'clock was an extra, nerved me to turn out the additional expense. I spread a newspaper on the floor, near the mouse-hole, and skipped nervously into dreamland. I don't know how long after I was awakened by a little patter-patter on the newspaper. It was a mouse! Away flew the four slippers, one after the other; the first knocked down a glass of water, the second hit the transom and the other two a locked door, from behind which came a snort and a loud cry, "What are you trying to do in there?" I covered up my face with the pillow and laughed. The mouse did not come back (unlike the cat which everyone sings about to-day in Chicago's new comic song), and my neighbor made no more inquiries. First thing in the morning I laid the mouse-hole before the bell-boy and it was tinned over before night. Members of the Canadian Club can have a respectable cosy room with or without a mouse-hole for a dollar a day at the Marquette. If you want a very nice apartment you can have it, at an increased price. There is a German cafe in the hotel where you can breakfast, dine and sup at more reasonable prices than in Toronto, considering the very nice eatables you are served with. You can have tea, coffee, beer, etc., with delightfully continental impartiality, Hungarian "goulash," as they call it, German salad (those who have eaten it in Germany know how nice it is!), and Italian macaroni, in perfection. The German caterer and his frau are as kind and attentive as can be, and there is the prettiest little blonde "Marie," to whom I speedily surrendered my affections, and who took me in her special care and keeping. Sounds comfortable, does it not? These good folks, with a very good-natured office clerk and a Home Rule *femme de chambre*, made me resolve to go to the Hotel Marquette if I got another week in Chicago, and to cheerfully recommend Canadians to their keeping.

The first thing on Monday was of course the registration of names and the securing of badges at the Memorial Art Palace, where the meetings of the congress of women were to be held. For the badge you paid a quarter, and I was amused to see boys hawking these badges round the corridors so that anyone could buy them. They were not of the least use or benefit but of course we all had to have them, though we could not have told why. Then another queer thing was the general post office, where a parcel of boys were clerks, and where you might overhaul a bundle of mail matter under your initial, and help yourself, a truly convenient proceeding and one duly taken advantage of by those who hankered after cards for receptions, etc., as I found out to my great annoyance later on, my letters having been opened and the cards taken out by some woman with a quiet conscience.

The meetings were either absorbingly interesting or the acme of boredom, just as your taste happens to be. I thought the Woman's Suffrage was great fun, and the Dress Reform an absurdity. But then, I don't want to vote, and I object to knee-high petticoats, bloomer Syrian costumes and draped gowns which suggest all sorts of ideas. Dear little Mrs. Jenness-Miller was the prettiest woman on the Dress Reform platform. Mrs. Avery wore bloomers, and stood on the table that we might take her style in properly. Mrs. Russell of New York, whose picture has with that of her handsome husband adorned the sanctum for the past two years, wore a gingery fawn-colored piece of cashmere looped and hung from her shoulders in a horrid messy way. When I saw that drapery I determined to tear up her photo as soon as I got back to Toronto, and I have religiously done so. Dear old, quaint, Quakery Lucy Stone made a

most killing speech, telling of her first essay at dress reform two score years ago, when, as she expressed it, she had ease of body but great distress of mind on account of her bloomers. It was quite a relief to get away from the various guys, and admire the pretty hostesses at a swell reception at the West End Club, to which some of us were invited one afternoon. I have heard a reckless man say, since I came back, that there are no pretty women in Chicago. I wish he had seen those eight dear creatures sitting round two lovely rose-wreathed oval dining tables, pouring tea, coffee and chocolate for the swarms of guests. One of them was such a beauty that I quite lost my head over her, and told her frankly that she was the loveliest woman I had ever looked at. And she laughed so sweetly, and chatted away so happily, explaining that her dainty girlish gown of cream and pale blue was in the club colors, which she thought well to so honor. I can see her now, in the soft lamplight, with her silver chocolate pitcher before her, and roses all about her, and only I like to keep her all to myself I should tell you her name!

The main figure on the Woman's Suffrage platform was, of course, the redoubtable spinster, Susan B. Anthony. How she did harangue us, to be sure, and how she did frighten me! She is too bony, and grim, and hard, and old! and her voice baffles description. It is a thousand pities she isn't somebody's nice old grandmother. Instead of, at three score and thirteen, cracking her voice and using very ungraceful gestures to enforce her views of woman and her sphere.

I am sure some of the fruits of the Woman's Rights movement will be good and precious, but I am equally sure that the rest of the harvest is not only useless but positively harmful.

After the congress came the World's Fair. I felt after the first day's inspection much as one would on calling upon some busy house-keeper in the middle of her house-cleaning. The only thing to do was to back out as fast as possible, with an apology and a promise to come again when she was settled. But there is no doubt about the grandeur and the interest of the Exhibition. Even to visit the electrical building alone, with its myriad wonders, is a liberal up-to-date education. And it was well worth while to go all the way from here for an hour in the central square, with the gentle evening sunlight gilding statue, pillar, dome and minaret, the blue lagoon reflecting the bluer sky, the snowy buildings stretching their immense but graceful facades along either side of the lagoon, the flying figures of every imaginable mermaid, neptune, nymph and cupid sporting in the fountain's spray, and crowning the illusion which seemed to transport one into some classic city of ancient days, the soft Greek accents of Calliope Parren, the Athenian journalist, and her handsome husband (whose profile might have dropped out of some cameo brooch), as they strolled and talked on either side of

LADY GAY.

Consoled the Wrong Man.

A rather rakish-looking fellow occupied the second seat with a horse-shoe scarfin and a long mustache, which he chewed spitefully as he looked over a veterinary surgeon's bill and frowned. Just ahead of him a good old Presbyterian preacher sat with a mourning man, who had just buried his wife. And, as the B. & O. S. W. express moved down its west-bound track, the minister spoke soothing words of comfort to the bereaved husband and sought to console him in his grief by hopes of future life and lessons to be learned by bitter trials here below.

"She was a good woman—a very good woman, Henry, but the Lord had need of her, and we must bear it bravely." The husband choked, but said nothing. The minister arose, passed down the car and took a cool drink of ice water; then, with bended head and heartfelt mind still deep in sympathy, returned and sank into the seat.

"There may be yet some new unknown lesson in this loss," said he softly to his companion, "not staring at him in his grief."

"Yes," was the reply, tinged with ill-temper; "I'll know a darn sight better than to hire such a highwayman for a doctor again."

Somewhat surprised, the minister exclaimed, "But then, my friend, what is all that compared to her worth to you?"

"But you see I had her heavily insured, and wasn't a red cent in the hole; but this chump flung the stinger into my pocketbook for all he's worth, because he knew I had the stuff. And she ain't been worth so much to me after all—she's lost me more than she was worth from first to last. I'll never take up any of her blood again—there's a bad streak in it."

Shocked beyond expression at the heartless words, but knowing that deep grief often unseats reason, the minister sought to soothe the unsettled mind:

"I never knew her family, but she was good in her ways, and always did her best."

"Oh, yes, she's good enough in her line, but, confound her skin, she never did her level best. Why, blame it, man, she'd lay right down and give it up when she had everything her own way, hands down. By Joe, you ought to see her slap the mud in Nancy M.'s face at Sabina last fall!"

"What!" gasped the paralyzed minister.

"Why, she knocked her eye out in a jog trot till she reached the finish, and let down there—give up, dogone her! But I've entered her on the kite track at Chillicothe for the summer meet and if she don't pull down third money in the four-year-old 2.25, I'll knock a knot hole in her neck with a fork handle!"

With an articulate gurgle of horror the minister turned and looked at his companion.

He had dropped by mistake into the seat with the Kentucky horseman, who had just received the doctor's bill for attendance upon his trotting mare during a siege of pneumonia.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Great Success.

Tretop—Our debatin' society has been all winter argyin' the question, Is Marriage a Failure?

Hayrick—What'd they decide? Tretop—Tain't decided yet; but them meetin's has growed a bigger crop of engagements 'n any singin' school we ever had.

How a Good Man Went Wrong.

THE Reverend Phillip Hoynton had determined to inaugurate a crusade against the playing of base-ball. The east window of his study commanded a view of the grounds and the shouts that reached him, together with the general air of disturbance that prevailed at certain stages of the game, had long since convinced him that base-ball was a pernicious pastime, for the reasons: (1) it engendered unwholesome excitement; (2) money was frequently wagered on the result; (3) because of a certain vague iniquity inhering in the game, known as the "associations." This inimical spirit had slumbered passively as long as it could; he read in the morning paper that a base-ball player had been arrested for disturbing the peace, and an alert Presbyterian conscience at last demanded that a spirited protest be made against the evil.

A sermon was written, wherein he dwelt in a general way upon the materialistic tendency of the age, as exemplified by the large crowds that attended Sunday games; he had been told that six thousand people were frequently there at one time. He argued that excitement increased with numbers until, in an assemblage such as that, it amounted to a frenzy; this enervated the system, lessened the power to resist evil, and created a demand for stimulants, to satisfy which men used tobacco and rum. The result, in the case of this crowd, he pointed out, was six thousand nervous systems shattered, and, finally, as many drunkards. Then there was the gambling phase, and lastly, the "associations," which, without specifying minutely, he characterized as degrading in the extreme.

The sermon finished, he was seized with a novel idea: he would personally attend a game of base-ball, and thus gain some insight into the evil he was to assail. Of course this was unnecessary, a general impression that the game was sinful being quite sufficient and all that tradition demanded for the conscientious denunciation of any institution. Still, if he could deduce a few hard facts in support of his allegations, his remarks might carry more weight with a certain class he knew.

Following this bold design, Saturday afternoon found him occupying, not a box, nor even a seat in the grand stand, but a very warm seat in the "bleachers," which he chose as being more cosmopolitan, and hence presenting a more varied aspect of the evil.

He was in the midst of a perspiring mob of what a sociologist would have termed the "middle classes." Around him stretched a terrace of hot, good-natured, eager faces. Almost everyone had his coat off, and a handkerchief inserted between his neck and his shirt for absorbent purposes. Many were protected by sun-umbrellas.

His being thrilled with high resolve, as he saw the multitude to which he should fearlessly point out its sin. He was glad to justify his estimate of the "associations," by noting on his right, a coarse, heavy-looking youth, with large red hands, smooth, sunburned face, a slouch hat, and a flannel shirt very much open at the neck.

This evil-minded being was smoking a bad cigar, with a keen and cautious enjoyment that proclaimed it an infrequent delicacy. He was plainly on the downward path, and seemingly found pleasure in the descent. At his left perched a Solid Citizen, constantly mopping, with a bandanna, his huge red face that beamed under a Panama hat. His light, cool attire, concluding with white cotton hose and low, broad shoes, procured him all practicable immunity from the heat. The coarse youth and the solid citizen, so widely dissimilar in



Between a Coarse Youth and a Solid Citizen.

character, appearance and condition, conversed pleasantly together, through and around Mr. Hoynton, concerning the respective merits of the opposing clubs, discussing the players in detail, with an ease and mutual affability that denoted some hidden bond of sympathy between them.

Mr. Hoynton's knowledge of the national game was based upon his remembrance of a certain youthful recreation engaged in under the name of "Pig-tail," wherein knocking the ball over any adjacent fence retired the batter; catching the ball on the first rebound after the third strike or after a foul, accomplished the same result. He remembered that an effective and popular method of retiring a base runner was to hit him with the ball. The ball of his youth was a gentle, pliable affair, covered with leather from a discarded boot, and only approximately spherical.

During the preliminary practice a ball came bounding into the bleachers. The solid citizen secured it and handed it to Mr. Hoynton, who took it in much the same way that a bachelor caller takes a new baby. He was horrified to find it of extreme hardness. Here was another objection to the game; it was barbarous to permit men to hurl this terrible missile at each other so forcibly. He was studying the ball and formulating another head to his sermon, when an irreverent boy admonished the crowd, in a shrill tone of alarm, to "Watch him dere, wid de ball," thereby unjustly attributing wrong intentions to Mr. Hoynton, and causing him to hastily cast the accursed thing from him.

Then the players took places in the field and the game began. The first batter struck out with celerity, Mr. Hoynton attributing his retirement to sudden illness. The next man only struck once at the ball, waited until an attentive-looking man near him said "Fo' ba's," and then stationed himself near first-base, where he distinguished himself by jump-

ing up and down, standing upon one leg, and performing other eccentric feats. Here Mr. Hoynton noted another feature of the game that was thoroughly objectionable; this was a system of exhortation that was Methodism. A frenzied man in uniform stood near the first-base, and by loud, unmusical shouts, commands to "Up on yer toes, now!" warnings to "Ste-a-d-y there!" and other exclamations, incited the runner to greater activity, and finally succeeded in having him thrown out at second, after what the coarse youth called an "elegant slide." Contrary to Mr. Hoynton's expectation, the ball was thrown to the second baseman instead of at the runner. The third man hit the ball, and Mr. Hoynton involuntarily arose in his seat to follow its flight into the hands of the center fielder. His mental prediction that this player would be crippled was not verified; he made no attempt to avoid the ball, but caught it without apparent injury to himself. "Most remarkable!" Mr. Hoynton declared, as he sat down. The solid citizen did not seem to think it remarkable, and the coarse youth said "That there's nothin'; he's jes' like a soocer; he don't let none go troo' 'im."

At the close of the third innings Mr. Hoynton had acquired sufficient understanding of the game to enjoy it in a somewhat dazed manner, and later he became an animated and audible partisan in favor of the home team. At the close of the sixth innings, wherein the home team tied the score and shut the visitors out there swept over him a grand tidal wave of enthusiasm. To use pertinent metaphor, the pores of his soul opened, and his heart expanded under the warm glow engendered by the wholesome sport. There was glad geniality in his attitude toward all mankind; a fuller sense of brotherhood and communion with humanity than he had ever known swelled up within him. His two neighbors seemed permeated by this same spirit of deep, universal good will. The coarse youth, the solid citizen and Mr. Hoynton were united as brothers by a grand fusing principle, and the latter was



The Mob Yelled.

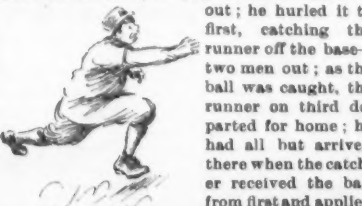
quick to perceive that this condition of mind made men's souls mellow and accessible.

The seventh innings was a shutout for both teams, though the visitors had two men on bases in their half, and a run at one time seemed unavoidable. Mr. Hoynton was on his feet with his neighbors, and his cultivated resonance mingled with the plebeian yells about him. During the remainder of the game the three slapped each other upon the back and shouted at each other, with the utmost harmony and good will, after their brilliant play. In the first half of the eighth innings, the home team scored a run, and again the trio joined the multitude in inviting a loss of voice.

When the cheers had subsided, the coarse youth declared in emphatic tones, "We wins the game to-day—I guess yes!" the latter clause being a derisory reflection on the inability of the visitors to prevent such victory. A middle-aged man sitting back of him, with patriarchal beard and long-face, whose expression betokened pessimist and doubter, warned him in measured accents not to be too sure, justifying his lack of faith by the statement that you could never tell. The coarse youth promptly responded with, "Betchu fifty seed;" whereupon, in obedience to a purely muscular instinct, Mr. Hoynton toyed with some loose silver in his trousers pocket. The coarse youth forced into his hand a silver half-dollar; the doubter, after scrutinizing Mr. Hoynton closely, insisted that the money be placed in the hands of the solid citizen, which was done. He was a student of character, the doubter. He had read any number of anecdotes where smooth, clerical-looking men turned out to be sharpers of the worst kind. Mr. Hoynton recovered his mental balance, considered the enormity he had escaped and was thankful—and hopeful too, for the coarse youth's sake.

The visitors were shut out in their half of the eighth. In the first half of the ninth, the home team failed to score, and as the visitors came in an ominous, death-like silence fell upon the throng. One run would tie the score. The first man to bat made a two-bagger; number two made a single, advancing number one to third. A universal groan went up. The coarse youth at this juncture rejected offers of sympathy, declaring himself to be "dead game." The doubter beamed with ostentatious gloom.

Number three came smilingly to bat; two strikes were called; the man on first was leading off boldly; at the third ball pitched, the batsman struck vigorously but with misdirected energy: the result was a "pop-up" fly. The ball came down immediately over the second-base man; he promptly secured it—one man out; he hurled it to first, catching the runner off the base—two men out; as the ball was caught, the runner on third departed for home; he had all but arrived there when the catcher received the ball from first and applied it firmly to the out-



stretched arm groping for the plate. A triple play! The home team had won!

The last grand wave of applause had died away. The coarse youth, the solid citizen and Mr. Hoynton made their way through the crowd, the first named pocketing his winnings with a sportsman-like indifference plainly assumed.

There was a hand-shake all around. Mr. Hoynton briefly made known his calling, and

invited his friends to attend services the following day at the 63rd Avenue Presbyterian church. The coarse youth, who proved to be a truck driver, and the solid citizen, who had retired from business, accepted without hesitation.

The Rev. Mr. Hoynton walked briskly home, suffused with a mental and physical exaltation that was almost inspiration. His first act was to tear a number of closely written sheets twice across and deposit them in a waste basket. That night he wrote an entirely new sermon.

Sunday morning's attendance was unusually large for midsummer. The text was II. Peter, I, 7, and was twice repeated by Mr. Hoynton



The Home Team Had Won.

with peculiar impressiveness. He dilated upon the blessing of brotherly love, the sinfulness of judging one's neighbors hastily. He besought the cultivation of charity, patience, sympathy and tolerance. The heads of his discourse were old, but he infused into it a new energy, a convincing, moving eloquence, that awakened in his hearers a renewed sense of the common bond that unites humanity. His delivery was marked by a slight hoarseness.

Prominent in the congregation was the solid citizen, fortified by a palm-leaf fan. He signified his approval of the sermon by vigorous nods of his head from time to time.

The coarse youth, much against his inclination, had been led to a seat well in front. He was dressed in tight, ready-made clothes, looked hot and uncomfortable, and was fiercely rebellious at the unwonted restraint of a stiff white collar. The singing caused him to forget his discomfort, and as the sermon progressed he became much interested.

Before the close of the next baseball season it is not improbable that the Reverend Phillip Hoynton will be tried for heresy.—H. L. Wilson in Puck.

The People Next Door.

THE people next door afford me an infinite amount of amusement, and it is a matter of speculation with me just how much fun they get out of me in return.

We do not know each other, that is "we never speak as we pass by," but we look at one another sideways, and sometimes we go the length of making an indefinite sort of bow, which may mean a great deal or nothing at all—on their part. On my part it means, "This is a very embarrassing state of affairs."

We have been living side by side for the last eight months, and I have no more idea what their names are than I have of the names of the Hottentots of South Africa. They may possibly know my name and all about me, but I don't know, and the uncertainty is killing me, for be it known there are two handsome young gentlemen in the house, and for aught I know they may imagine me a married woman. Dreadful thought!

The windows of the said young gentlemen face mine, and go to my window when I will, at early morn when the bell of the milkman is heard, or at davy eve, when the call of the banana man disturbs the evening calm, a handsome laughing face is looking out of the opposite one.

It is a great trial to have to refrain from smiling and turn quickly away, but so far I have done my duty nobly. How long I shall be able to do so I don't know, for things are growing worse since it has become warm enough to have the window constantly open.

For the last month I have been tormented and night has been made hideous by the meowing and scratching of what I imagined was a legion of cats underneath my window, but just as surely as I put my head out to call "Scat," or throw a missile at the offending animals, they weren't there, and I am more than half tempted to believe that the disturbers of my solitude were not of the feline tribe at all, but my handsome neighbors who are gifted with the power of ventriloquism. If such be the case, woe betide them, for sooner or later I shall have my revenge.

They have a baby next door, too; the real thing, no ventriloquism about that. And oh! if it can't yell! I shouldn't be afraid to wager that it can make more noise for its size than any baby in Toronto. I don't know if it is a man child or of the female persuasion, whether it has red hair and a squint or brown hair and a dimple; I don't know whether its father thinks it an angel, or wishes that it were one, but I do know that it can make enough noise in one night to do an ordinary choir for six months, and if its lung capacity continues to improve, and its tones become as sweet as they are sound and prolonged, I prophesy a brilliant musical career for it when it grows older.

The people next door play whist and pedro on Sunday nights after they come from church. I wish they wouldn't, it's wicked and besides, it makes me envious. If they played euchre I shouldn't care, but I think it's downright mean of them to play the only two games that I care about when I can't join them, and especially to leave their blinds up so that I can't help seeing them.

The people next door are very fond of beef-steak and onions, and the odor of them cooking is often wafted up to me. This is another sin in the long catalogue.

But, worst of all, the people next door have a piano and a small girl who practices. I trust I shall be forgiven for often wishing that either the piano or the girl had never been created. The girl, I am sorry to say, is a good little girl. She feels it her duty to make the most of the chance which her kind parents are giving her, so she practices her scales constantly, beginning with C major and never ceasing until she has exhausted the minors and chromatics.

MARQUERITE.

SAVED BY A LIFE

It was noon by the sun, noon by the clock in front of the school house and by the dismal shriek of the factory whistle way out yonder by the river bank; and as the shrill strains died away a man stepped out of the postoffice, and whistling softly to himself sprang off the sidewalk and started to cross the dusty, sunny street. He was a bright-faced young fellow whose looks and motions betokened perfect health. Half way across he halted as if overtaken by an idea, and then turned to retrace his steps.

At this moment George Loomer, cashier of the Hopeton bank, came out of his banking-room and crossed the street behind the young stranger on his way to dinner. No one else was in sight; the village seemed to be fast asleep beneath the noonday sun, and with a cry of mortal agony George Loomer fell dead upon his face in the road, a bullet in his brain.

To the young man within five feet of him, the whole thing was like a picture from Dante's hell; he saw an arm reach over the top of a box, the flame of the discharge seemed to burn his face. As he staggered back, bewildered, he felt, rather than saw, a figure spring towards him, thrust something into his grasp, and then go from him again. As the little ring of smoke floated upward, he stood alone by the cashier's body, a revolver clamped tightly in his hand. His first impulse was to fly; his next to bend over the fallen man; but before he could carry either into execution the street was full of people who thronged about him.

"Loomer is killed!" passed rapidly from lip to lip.

The factory people caught the shout and hurried up with eager, determined faces.

"Loomer is killed!" swelled the cry—"murdered!"

A stoutly built man elbowed his way through the crowd and laid his left hand on the stranger's shoulder, grasping the pistol with his right.

"I arrest you for the murder of George Loomer," he said sternly.

The prisoner started as if to break away, then said firmly:

"I am not guilty—I never shot the man—never saw him before."

"You had better attempt no resistance and come quickly," was the reply. "Joe, Sam and Calver, help me to take this man to the jail," he added.

The men addressed closed round the prisoner; but before they could move back the crowd, breaking from about the body, surged toward them, maddened with the crime and wild for vengeance.

"Hang the fellow!" hoarsely shouted someone in the crowd.

"Bring a rope!"

"Make a rush on them!"

"That old tree on the corner will do!" And so the cries for vengeance rang out on every side.

Inch by inch the guards pushed their way with their prisoner between them. Some of the boldest made a rush, but the sheriff, a revolver in each hand, waved them off.

"Stand back!" was the order; "stand back, I tell you! Guilty or not guilty, you get this man over my dead body."

So they fought their way down the long street, saved by determined bravery, and the fact that the crowd had no one to lead them in their vengeance.

The prisoner was very pale as he glanced at the heated faces, and saw the looks of hate leveled on him from every side, but his step was firm, and his countenance had nothing of the coward in it. Once it brightened almost into a smile. It was at the end of the street, and on the corner a group of men and women had gathered in terror, yet afraid to run. As the hunted man passed by, a girl's slender figure crept through the crowd of surging, shouting, maddened men, reached back of the guard and laid a hand on the prisoner's manacled wrists, while a soft voice murmured:

"Fred, I know you are innocent."

The young man turned to gaze one instant into a pair of true brown eyes uplifted to his to answer:

"Thank God, Rose, for that!"

And then the girl was swept backward in the crowd, out of sight. The next moment the big jail door swung to, the prisoner safe inside its protection, and the baffled crowd battering its nail-studded front.

"Tough work that," said the man called Calver, wiping his brow. "Do you think we can save him, Jack?"

"I don't know. If I can keep them off late enough I shall run him over to Crowder for safe-keeping," replied the sheriff. "You fellows go outside and keep them away from the door, will you?"

"We'll try, Jack."

The men went out, and the sheriff turned to the prisoner.

"Well, young man, this is a tough scrape you are in."

"Through no fault of mine."

"What's your name?"

"Fred Hasbrook."

"Do you belong in this village?"

"No, I am a civil engineer from Northfield," was the prompt reply.

"Do you know anyone here?"

"Only one—then checking himself—"no, no one who could help me in the least; but, Mr. Sheriff, I am not guilty."

Then he gave to the officer a full account of the affair, so far as he knew it.

The sheriff listened with interest, but said nothing until the end was reached.

"Well, boy," he remarked, slowly getting up "that story doesn't sound very probable to my ears; still, I'm half inclined to believe it. At any rate, my lad, I'll do everything in my power to save you; but the people are pretty wild over the matter. I'll go out and see what they are planning to do."

So Hasbrook was left alone in the dreary jail, with nothing to break his dismal thoughts save the murmur of voices outside, and the occasional oath which found its way through the window to his straining ears.

The long afternoon wore slowly away, the noise of angry voices died out and the prisoner

sat there with his face buried in his hands. The long ray of sunlight that streamed in and painted the bare floor gold felt its way slowly up the wall and finally died away altogether.

The shadows began to gather, darkness crept over the room, and still the young man sat there, his face buried in his hands. What thoughts were his? The stain of crime upon him; the mob seeking his life; his own consciousness of innocence; the belief that it could not be proven to the satisfaction of any jury, even if he should be permitted to live to make the attempt. These thoughts burned into his brain as if seared there by red-hot irons.

Then came the vision of Rose Butler, pretty, brown-eyed Rose, in love of whose sweet face he had been drawn again and again down into this rough country. Did she love him and cling to him still? He saw the tears glistening on the long lashes during that instant in the street, but it might have been nothing more than pity. He suddenly sprang to his feet in the darkness.

"I will never give up while I have life!" he exclaimed. "For Rose's sake, I'll die like a man, if I must. She shall never have cause to feel ashamed of me for that."

Hush! What was that? A noise overhead—it sounded like the tearing of a board from its fastenings. Another and another. The mob was breaking in to take his life—it could be nothing else—and the hunted man felt about the little room for some weapon with which to defend himself. There was nothing but a chair. Desperately he clasped it, and drew back into the darkest corner, his eyes gleaming like those of a hunted animal, his teeth clinched, his face as white as death.

Another sound overhead. The man crouched lower in his corner, muttering a prayer.

"The end is here," he thought, "but I'll die hard!"

There was a moment's silence; then a whisper cut the still air of the room like a knife.

"Fred!"

There was no answer. The man still crouched like a tiger in his corner.

"Fred!"

A spring forward. The chair fell to the floor. "Rose! Rose! For God's sake is that you?" he cried. "Where are you?"

"Here," the low voice whispered; "just above your head. You must stand on the chair, and I will try and draw you up. Come quick, there is no time to lose."

There was nothing cowardly in Hasbrook's nature; his whole soul seemed to rise in rebellion at the thought of running away—to do so was almost to confess his guilt of the crime, was to stamp his name forever with the brand of Cain.

"Rose, I cannot," he faltered. "I am innocent. I hope to prove it. I must stay and face the trial as a man."

"Stop!"—the girl's voice, trembling as it was, was yet full of decision—"there will be no trial, no hope. They will kill you as they would a dog. I heard them plan it all. This is your only chance, for one hundred men are organized to break in this jail at midnight; your only hope to clear your life of this stain is to fly with me. Will you go?"

The hunted man, kneeling in the darkness, made no answer.

Again the soft voice spoke from above in appeal:

"Fred Hasbrook, I have risked my life to save yours—come, come for my sake, if you will not for your own."

For reply, Hasbrook sprang upon the chair, uplifted his hands, and tightly grasped that of the girl. It was a hard, straining pull, but the desperate situation gave her strength, and inch by inch he was lifted until his fingers closed upon a rafter, and with a struggle he swung his body upon the loose boards and lay beside his rescuer.

"Rose," he cried, "what can I ever say or do that will repay you for such devotion?"

"Say nothing now—we have no time. Follow me."

She caught his hand, and together they crept along to an end window, which had been boarded up. Rose looked carefully out, and then bidding him follow, stepped through it upon the roof of a shed. At its end Hasbrook dropped to the ground and then caught the girl, and the two crouched low in the shadow. Then down upon the air was borne the sound of voices—loud, angry voices—and the shuffle of many feet.

Rose started up.

"They are here already," she whispered hastily. "We must run for the river—come!"

Suiting the action to the word, and hand in hand, they started. Out of the tall weeds a man started with a gun in his hands. He had no time to lift it to his shoulder when Hasbrook struck him and darted past. The man fell to his knees, rallied again, and with an oath fired after the fast receding figures of the fugitives.

Rose gave a little cry and staggered forward, but Hasbrook, scarcely stopping, caught her up as he would a child, and hugging his burden to his breast swept on toward the river. Shouts and shots behind him gave added speed to his flying feet, and he swept down the bank in advance of all pursuers.

"To the right, Fred, there by the tree!" Rose whispered faintly, and a moment later the boat, with its occupants lying flat upon the bottom, was out of sight upon the inky blackness of the water.

The bank glittered for a moment with rifle and pistol flames, but no bullets reached them; then a huge bonfire flared up and cast its circle of light far out into the river, but the boat, caught in the swift current, swept over close into the opposite bank and floated down unobserved.

"Rose, were you hit?" Hasbrook asked anxiously, as soon as he dared to speak.

She opened her eyes wearily, and endeavored to smile.

"My arm, I think, is broken, but it does not pain me now."

He tore open her sleeve, found a painful wound, and bandaged it as best he could with handkerchiefs. Then he bent over and pressed his lips to hers. To his intense surprise she pushed him quickly back.

"No, no!" she cried; "that must not be between us."

"Not be! Surely, Rose, you do not mean those words in earnest? You will not turn me away now? Nothing could have prompted you to do what you have to-night but love." He bowed lower to where he could look into the girl's dark eyes. "Tell me, Rose—tell me truly that you love me, and some day, when my name is clear from stain, you will be my wife."

The face so close to his was deathly white—white from her wound, whiter still with the martyrdom of self-sacrifice, but her voice was firm and unshaken.

"Fred, I do love you—love you as only a girl's heart can—love you better than life itself; but I can never, never be your wife."

The young man started to his knees, rocking the boat dangerously as he did so.

"You love me," he cried, "and yet refuse to become my own! Rose, what is it—I have the right to know."

She shuddered, and drew back from his grasp.

"Is it because you deem me guilty?" Hasbrook urged.

"No, no! I know—I am sure you are guiltless!"

"Then why, my darling? Because you have grown up in the backwoods, because your father is as rough as a mountain bear, you think I will tire of you in my city home. Rose, how can you doubt me so?"

The honest voice faltered, but the girl stopped him with a gesture.

"It is not that, Fred," she answered quickly, "but there is a barrier between us now insurmountable—you must not ask me why—I cannot tell it to you; but oh, if you love me, have pity! May God forgive me, I can never be your wife!" And, hiding her face, the tears trickled through her fingers, while the slight form shook with sobs she tried vainly to suppress.

Helpless in his own misery to comfort a sorrow that he could not understand, Hasbrook sat in silence as the shores slipped rapidly by.

Now familiar landmarks came in view, and with a deft movement of the oar the boat's head was run into the bank.

The gratings of the keel aroused the almost unconscious girl.

"Where are we?" she asked, gazing about with tear-dimmed eyes. "Why are you going ashore, Fred?"

"This is the landing that leads home—come!" and he lifted her in his arms.

"Home? home? No, not home!" Her voice had a strange tremor in it, then the tone as suddenly changed. "Yes, I will go home, but you must not go with me; you must be miles down the river before daylight."

"Do you think I will leave you?" he said indignantly. "You who have risked so much for me, wounded, and so weak you can scarcely walk? They can take me; but I will not leave till you are safe."

"Oh, I wish you would—for my sake, Fred! Our home is sure to be searched, and if you are caught now there will be no mercy shown to you."

For answer he lifted her in his strong arms and toiled upward to where a solitary light pierced the darkness. It streamed out from the window of a rough, one-story house perched upon the side of the bluff.

Hasbrook kicked at the door and was almost instantly confronted by a tall, heavily bearded man, holding a lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other. At sight of Hasbrook he staggered back and nearly dropped the lamp, so great was his agitation.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I supposed you were dead before this. What do you want in this shanty?"

"I have brought Rose home; she has been hurt—"

Ere he could finish the man sprang anxiously forward.

"Not dead! Don't tell me she is dead!" he cried.

"No, she is not dead, or even badly hurt, I think, but she fainted coming up the path; and waiting for no more he crossed the little room and placed the girl upon the bed.

"Quick!" he cried. "What is that upon the table there—brandy?"

Mechanically the man passed him the bottle, and then both bent anxiously over the unconscious girl.

The daylight was streaming in when Hasbrook turned to go—daylight, although the lamp was still burning with feeble ray.

"Good-bye, Rose," he whispered. "I must go now, but if I live I shall come back to you again."

She held out her hand, and as he took it he stooped and kissed her again, then walked to the door.

Butler barred the way, his eyes wild from excitement and drink.

"Go back!" he cried sternly. "They are coming up the hill; if they catch sight of you, you're a dead man. Get back there! You know I hate you, Fred Hasbrook, but for the girl's sake I'll give you a chance this time."

Through the open door Hasbrook caught a glimpse of figures below the house; then Butler's strong arm pushed him back and closed the door.

"Hallo, Butler!" cried one. "Have you seen anything of that fellow Hasbrook what killed Loomer yesterday?"

"Hasbrook?" echoed Butler. "Why, did that fellow get away? Thought you were going to lynch him last night."

"Got away? Yes, and I guess yer gal knows something about it, if you don't," chimed in another voice impatiently.

"Yes, and we're going through your old ranch fer fer luck," sang out a third.

Butler ripped out an oath.

"I don't care a continental for Hasbrook, or your whole gang," he retorted savagely; "but there'll be some dead fools around here if you attempt to step inside of my shanty. You'll do well to remember that, gents."

There was a moment's hesitation, then a rush of feet, oaths, blows, the sharp crack of a revolver, a sharp volley, and Butler's huge figure crashed open the door and fell heavily upon the floor.

Forgetting his own danger, Hasbrook sprang to the side of the fallen man and lifted his head to his knee. His face was ghastly, and blood was flowing in a stream from a jagged wound

over his heart. His eyes were closed and his lips compressed in pain.

Out the open door, in the glow of the sunlight, the regulators, frightened at their work, and forgetting all about their quest in the face of this second tragedy, were hastening away.

Butler opened his eyes.

"Water! For mercy's sake give me some water," he whispered.

Rose held a glass to his lips with trembling hand. His eyes closed, then opened again, and stared wildly about.

"Gone—have they gone?" he muttered.

"Yes, and I am going! Don't look so at me! I'm dying, I tell you—dying! Bend down here—both of you. It hurts me to speak. I want to say that the boy never did it—never did it. I—I killed Loomer, and showed the pistol—"

He choked for breath, flung one arm into the air, sank back with a shudder and was dead.

Rose was sobbing on Hasbrook's breast. For some time neither spoke, then the young man whispered:

"Dear, was—was this the barrier? Did you know this before?"

She bent her head, but could not speak.

"And now, darling, now if, knowing it all, I beg for you, will you come?"

She glanced up into his honest, loving face through her tears, and then placed her hand in his.

"You are all that is left me in the world, Fred," she answered gravely. "I will go with you."

And the sun streaming in through the open doorway rested in a wave of gold upon the brown hair of the living and upon the gray hair of the dead.

Out in the far Western settlement, bearing a different name, which is honored and respected wherever spoken, Fred Hasbrook has made for himself a home. To the people of Hopeton the murder of George Loomer will ever remain a mystery, for the secret rests between those two, who buried it forever in Horace Butler's lonely grave, beneath the ashes of his desolate and abandoned home.

On the Street Car.

It was just six o'clock and the car was packed with people going home. She carried some bundles, and in her efforts to handle them and save them from crushing she dropped her mitten. She saw it go, but was powerless to stay its descent, and it went down in successive stages in a triangular space between herself, a man who looked over her head and an individual who was deaf.

"There goes my mitten!"

The deaf man leaned over and said: "My mitten—mitten—it fell down."

"Well, ye can't get it, mum. Ye'll have to wait till the car gets to the end of the line, so that the conductor can pull up the floor."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, I ain't goin' to have all these people walking on it for half an hour."

"Haven't ye got another one?" said the deaf man.

"Course, I've got another one," and she wiggled the hand encased in her other mitten.

The deaf man saw the movement, and knowing that women often carry car fare inside their hand covering, reached over and pulled her mitten off for her.

The conductor was the only man who could edge his way to the scene of trouble.

"What's the matter here?"

"Lady dropped her nickel and can't pick it up," said the deaf man.

"Didn't drop my nickel—dropped my mitten," said the lady with the packages.

"Said she had another one," pursued the deaf man, "but she lied."

"You're an old door-post," said the woman with one mitten.

"Queer how folks go travelin' about town with only one nickel," said the deaf man.

"They get along better'n people with no ears," said the woman who didn't drop her nickel.

"Was that all the money yer husband gave ye?" asked the deaf man in a tone of sympathy.

"He must be a regular brute."

"If he was here now he'd eat you up."

"I s'pose them's collars and cuffs she's been doin' up and goin' to deliver 'em," said the deaf man to the passengers.

"Then the conductor said, 'Fare, please,' and the woman gave up a nickel that she had been carrying in her mouth."

"Thought it was in yer mitten," said the deaf man.

"You don't know how to think," said the woman.

"Wonder why she didn't carry them both in her mouth?" said the deaf man.

"You ought to stuff both of your own mittens in yer mouth," said the woman.

"Ain't ye afraid ye'll swallow yer nickel that way some time?" asked the deaf man.

"If I do I reckon it won't injure my hearin'," said the woman.

Then the conductor got down on the floor and recovered the woman's mitten, and she got off at the next crossing, wondering why some people didn't carry ear trumpets.

His Own Grandfather.

The complication of relationship brought about by marriage is the cause of many a family squabble, but it is seldom one hears of fatal results attending such matters. According to a contemporary, a resident of Titusville, Pennsylvania, committed suicide a few days ago from a melancholy conviction that he was his own grandfather.

The following is a copy of a singular letter he left: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i. e. my step-daughter—had also a son; he was, of course, my brother, in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, be-

"For Years,"

Says LARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



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cause she was my mother's sister. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of the person's grandmother." Thus he died, a martyr to his own existence.

His Rise.

A man entered a New York house one day while the woman of the house was out taking some dinner to her husband. He appropriated all the valuables in the place, cut open a feather bed, put the booty into the mattress and carried it off. On the way downstairs the thief met the woman on her way back.

"Does Mrs. Smith live here?" he asked her. "No," she replied.

"Well," said the thief, "I've carried this mattress up and down the steps of nearly every house on the block, and I'm getting tired of it. I didn't know there were so few Smiths in New York."

The woman laughed, and ten minutes later found that the man had run away with all of the portable articles of any value in the flat.—New York Sun

CREAM OF SCOTTISH SONG
WITH WORDS AND MUSIC
Seventy-one of the Best—in Book

A Tryst With Death.

"It must be done, Sinaloa, else I am compelled to tell the president what thou hast done with the fund."

The speaker was a Catholic clergyman, it was evident from his priestly gown. With his *vis-a-vis* he had been sitting for some time discussing a bottle of rare old Madeira in one of the palaces of Guatemala's capital. From the expression of the little dried-up Spaniard whom he addressed, it was quite plain that the tenor of the conversation had anything but a pleasing effect on him. The little man winced under this declaration of the sphinx-like priest.

"I suppose it must be," he said, "but I do not like the business. If I do my part, will thou do thine?"

"Thou hast but to do as I tell thee, and I will attend to the rest. Manuel and his wife know their part well. He has just brought in a big one, which he caught in a *barranca* near Salvador. It will do the work, have no fear."

"It is agreed then, provided thou wilt hold the fund over me no longer."

"It is agreed," said the priest, and they finished the bottle in silence.

For months John McKenzie had been conducting the Little Presbyterian Mission in the City of Guatemala, that stronghold of Catholicism. Already a little band of converts assembled on Sunday, and again on Wednesday evening to listen to his exhortations. Several times he had received anonymous letters warning him to give up the work or leave the country, but his Yankee spirit and the inherited stubbornness of Scotch ancestors had made him all the more determined in his efforts.

Among those who came now to listen to McKenzie's eloquent pleading was Francisca Sinaloa, the only daughter of one of the wealthiest and oldest residents of the city, himself an ardent Catholic. Jose Sinaloa, when well along in life had married the daughter of a wealthy old Scotchman, who had made several fortunes out of his coffee *fincas*, and Francisca was the result of the union. The many battles regarding the faith in which the child should be brought up had so embittered old Jose toward all Protestants that, when his wife died, he resolved to have his own way in spite of all obstacles. That was two years before John McKenzie came to the city, and Francisca, though carefully worked upon by both Padre Ruiz and her father, was determined that she would not forget the teachings of her mother, who had been her constant companion, and who had personally directed her education.

Francisca was now eighteen and had developed into a beautiful woman. She was a hard student, and her mind of a serious rather than a frivolous bent, so it was not natural that when John McKenzie began to discourse on things spiritual in the little mission in Guatemala, her receptive brain should drink in his words and ponder over them. Soon she became a regular attendant at the mission services, and in spite of the strict orders of Jose Sinaloa, the old duenna, who always accompanied her, would permit her to go, for she had attended Francisca from her birth, and could deny her nothing.

McKenzie took a great fancy to the pretty Guatemalteca, and the liking deepened at every interview, for her intense devotion and clear ideas pertaining to the subjects they frequently discussed won his admiration. He had no thought of love, for his every moment was taken up with the mission work; yet, somehow, his heart beat a little more quickly whenever Francisca would wait at the close of a meeting to ask him some question.

He had carried on the work of proselytizing so successfully that already the little band of Presbyterians had swelled to goodly numbers. Within the week he had received three letters warning him that if he did not cease his work, or leave the city, he might expect bodily harm; but these did not worry him so much as the absence of Francisca from the last few meetings. He wondered if she could be ill, or whether Jose Sinaloa had taken summary measures to prevent her attendance, for Francisca had confided in him the sentiments of her father. McKenzie knew, too, of the efforts of Padre Ruiz to induce her to take the veil, and he knew full well that it was the million and a half left her from her grandfather's fortune that the priesthood had their eyes upon. The subject had often been discussed very frankly between them, and he knew Francisca could never be induced to do this by any legitimate means or arguments.

It was late Saturday night, and McKenzie was sitting before the fire in his study, pondering over the events of the week. He was wondering if Francisca would attend the next morning's service, when the *mozo* handed him a letter, with the information that the woman who had brought it was waiting outside.

McKenzie broke open the daintily perfumed envelope, addressed in a neat feminine hand, and started as he saw the signature at the bottom of the note, which read:

DEAR FRIEND.—I wish to ask a favor which I know thou wilt speedily grant. An old pensioner of my dear mother is dying, and I wish him to have the consolations of our faith in his last moments. My maid will conduct thee to him. Please hasten.

FRANCISCA SINALOA Y MARTELL.

McKenzie had never seen her handwriting before, but that certainly was Francisca's name. The young preacher was on his feet in an instant, and in another had on his hat and mackintosh, for it was raining without as it can rain only in the tropics.

"I am ready, senorita," he said to the girl who awaited him at the study door. Her face was so muffled that he could not catch a glimpse of it; but his thoughts were alone on the request of Francisca.

Down through the Plaza de Concordia they went, then through streets that McKenzie had not seen before, and past the public washing-place, with its great stone fountains. Still they went on into that portion of the city frequented only by the poorer and the criminal classes. McKenzie had long lost track of the route, but he had but one thought in mind. Presently they entered the court of a house in the outskirts of the city, near the road leading to the military hospital. Everything was dark about the place.

"Is it thou, Maria?" came in a masculine voice from within, in answer to the woman's knock, and the sound of heavy bolts being drawn made McKenzie wonder at so much caution.

They conducted him to a room at the lower end of the corridor, and the man indicated to him that the sick man was within. As he stepped in he thought he heard the man lock and bolt the door from the outside. A bed was in one corner of the room, and beside it a small table, on which a candle burned dimly. McKenzie could see that there was some object in the bed, but it was completely covered by the clothes. It did not look like a human form, and an instinctive feeling of dread came over him. Thoughts of the anonymous threats flashed through his mind. But he felt reassured when he recalled the fact that it was Francisca's letter that had brought him thither.

Going to the edge of the bed he pulled the blankets back with a jerk, but the sight that met his eyes made him spring back with a cry of horror. On the bed was an undulating black mass, slowly writhing and twisting, and an ugly, snake head shot up in front of him. It was a young constrictor, torpid from recent heavy feeding, and too lethargic to move more than dart its ugly head about and glare at him.

McKenzie knew now the trap he had fallen into, that the note was a forgery, and that it was into the den of Manuel, the animal trainer, that he had been lured, for strange stories of the place were bruited about. From the next room he could hear the sound of some large animal shifting about and clanking its chain at intervals.

John McKenzie had always been a man of action, but the sight before him for a moment paralyzed his every faculty. The scaly monster was now gorged from a recent meal, but before morning came it would have shaken the torpor off, and then—the thought was too horrible!

McKenzie shook the door; it was firmly secured from without. The only window was closed with heavy wire netting, and the outside was iron-barred; besides, he would only run into the den of Manuel if he succeeded in getting out in the corridor. Every time he turned his head he saw those snake eyes watching him. Perhaps he might beat the thing to death while it was comparatively helpless, he thought, and breaking off the heavy leg of the only chair in the room, he advanced to the bed to carry out this purpose. The great, ugly head darted up menacingly as he raised the weapon and his hand fell powerless by his side, while the cold perspiration seemed to come from every pore.

A happy thought struck him—it seemed to come from above. With his long jack-knife he might dig through the adobe wall in a few hours, perhaps before the monster had fully recovered from his stupor. In an instant he was on his knees at the end of the room, digging with an energy born of desperation, all the while keeping an eye on the great scaly thing twisting and turning at intervals on the bed. The dampness of the walls aided his work, but it was slow at best. He tore at the adobe like a demon, using his knife and also his nails until his hands were bleeding.

He looked at his watch: it was now two o'clock. He had been working more than two hours, and had pierced a hole through almost a foot square. Another hour like the last and he would be free—but would that squirming, writhing thing on the bed yonder let him? It was now becoming more and more active.

Suddenly the wriggling coils untwisted, and the ugly-looking head lifted as if to take in the situation; then McKenzie saw the head slide slowly over the edge of the bed to the floor. In an instant fully twenty feet of the scaly monster was stretched across the floor.

McKenzie sprang up with a yell of terror, upsetting the candle he had placed on the floor to work by. The room was now dark as pitch; but he could hear the snake sliding over the floor toward him. With two bounds that would have done credit to an acrobat, he sprang across the room and upon the bed where the snake had been.

He could still hear the swish of the reptile as it went over the hard, dirt floor toward the spot where he had been, and it seemed to be turning and twisting about there for some minutes. Then all was quiet—the silence of the tomb seemed to pervade the place, and McKenzie wondered what this portended. He could neither see the snake nor hear it now, and he dared not move or strike a light. Crouched in the corner of the bed, his knife tightly grasped, he listened and waited—how many hours he did not know.

At last the faint light of dawn broke in through the grated window, and McKenzie trembled, for the greatest danger was yet to come when the monster would discover him. As it grew lighter, he could begin to see objects in the room; but the snake—it was nowhere in sight, for the scaly monster had found salvation and slid through the hole he had dug for his own escape.

This fact had hardly dawned upon him when he heard a heavy step coming down the corridor. He slipped quietly over to the door and waited.

As the bolts slipped back and Manuel threw open the door, McKenzie sprang upon him, clutching the man's throat in a vise-like grip. The animal trainer was a Hercules in strength, but the fingers that now grasped his throat were not those of the John McKenzie of yesterday, but of a white-haired madman, and as they closed tighter and tighter, the man's face grew blacker and his gasps shorter, until they came no longer.

An hour later, a patrolman found a white-haired man wandering about the streets, gibbering and starting at every shadow. He was removed to an asylum for the care of the insane; but no one thought to connect that circumstance with the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the brilliant young missionary, John McKenzie.—John Craig, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

Theodore Hook.

It was Hook who perpetrated the jest that forms the turning point in Gilbert Gurney's career. One day he and the elder Mathews, the comedian, took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription board sternly forbidding any strangers to land. This

was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them their fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. Pacing slowly to and fro across the lawn, they used their fishing-rods as pretended measuring and leveling staffs, their lines as yard and rod measures. Soon a parlor window opened. The occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman, strode out in great wrath and demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously informed them that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that he and his clerk were taking accurate measurements. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to talk the matter over. Dinner was just ready. The wine flowed freely. The alderman sought to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might easily be obtained. Hook said he would do his best. Good humor was restored, the conversation grew general, the novelist and the comedian succeeded in charming the household. At last Hook sat down to the piano, and finally, after numerous brilliant improvisations, rattled off the following lines:

Many thanks for your excellent fare,
But we are not the men that you look for:
My friend's Mr. Mathews the player,
And I am one Theodore Hook.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing remittances and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

PATRY T.—Scrapes of letters are not studied. See rules. BARNACKERN.—Your request is quite beyond me. Study economy. You put a five cent stamp on a city letter.

RUBENS.—1. Hope, impulses, much idealism, very strong and ambitious will, some obstinacy, originality and decidedly good breeding; as clever and interesting a lady as one would wish to meet.

RUTH, LAWRENCE.—You are a bright, witty and rather misanthropic person, Miss Ruth, and I think are fond of romance and prone to think a lot of your friends and heroes. Your letter answered all requirements. You can persevere to gain a point, and can be sharp if you are put out. You are candid, honest, careful and not at all sensitive.

C. E. PRA.—Your writing shows great adaptability and facility, some energy, a love of ease and comfort, good temper, rather a bright mind, some business ability and hopeful temperament. It looked marked originality, judgment is not infallible, will not very firm, a character more to be liked than depended upon, with taste for pretty things and a natural faculty for pleasing.

MARMON.—It is sweet of you to promise not to be offended, no matter what I tell you, but I don't think it will come to that. You are rather independent, self-assertive and determined, apt to cling to your own opinions, somewhat idealistic, notably discreet in speech, a little impatient, very constant, perhaps rather too fond of ease, capable of warm affection, honest and candid.

LEMON.—1. The first thing you can do to improve your writing, my little woman, is to hold your pen properly, start your letters the other way and go slowly. There isn't much the matter but that. 2. You are kind, impulsive, self-reliant and anxious for approbation, a little self-conscious, very frank, fond of society, not markedly vicious, but far from dull. Time will help you.

BENNET D.—You are strong and constant, rather refined, orderly, rather confident and a little sharp-tempered under provocation. You are not very marked nor culture developed, but, perseverance and a certain wish for success will do much. If you give your mind to study, I don't mean to say that you are ignorant—the reverse, but if you will take the trouble you can advance greatly.

MUR.—You are a very energetic and enterprising young person, bright and vivacious, with excellent self-respect, very strong feelings, rather practical, fond of fun, sympathetic, pleasant in manner and very upright in your dealings. There was not the least need for your caution as to the style of delineation I gave you. If you have any faults they are a matter of conceit, a little too smart a judgment of your neighbors and a mind rather undeveloped.

KACHNER.—1. I presume you saw the answer to your question in another column. I hope you did. 2. As to the question whether your writing speaks well of you, I can only tell you it has admirable qualities, and shows excessive caution and a need of definite aim and object. You're not the visionary or hopeful kind, but need the very thing you ask, which would be wise to try and secure. I'd give something to know how you prospered. Tell me!

FRED.—1. I do not waste my breath and energy in sighing over the correspondence I receive. However, I think, just out of perversity, I shall tell you yours. It deserves it. You are clever, rather original, fond of humor and a witty concealer, perhaps more than a trifle. You can work, but I don't think you love to do so, and while you are practical, you somewhat lack nerve and constancy in effort and decision of will; but you are persistent in some things to the bitter end. A good deal of ambition, some enterprise and a lack of tact are shown.

HOR.—I have several correspondents of this name. You say you are an advertiser and your letter is dated Jan. 30. I don't see anything amiss with your study. You are an original, truthful and slightly self-willed personage, with good executive ability, rather a disposition to act out the significance of your *nom de plume*, and of a marked tenacity and perseverance. You could not keep a secret, but would be sure to betray it under careful manipulation, have rather a prejudiced judgment, slight carelessness of detail, a strong will and altogether are not a person to be stepped on with impunity.

NELSON.—I really think you must be "Nell" to me, too, my dear. Such a letter! Such a lot of interesting marks on paper I don't get every day. I suppose that little Canadian stamp was to dare me to write you a letter. Well, perhaps I may some day, but these days I haven't time. When you get this I shall not be in my "sin country" and so we must fight it out under the stars and stripes. I don't at all mind people writing to scold me when I give them a bad delineation (when I tell them they are bad tempered they sometimes send me the most delightful confirmation of the remark), but why should you quarrel with me for a good one? Come now, Nell, you have a wonderful chirographer.

LUCILLE MURDER.—I am sorry you are offended because your study was not answered out of turn, especially as you are a clever body, and have made me smile over your questions. I think it was a very original way you took of expressing your freedom to dance by saying your feet did not belong to the church. Certainly I like a dance too, but my church does not forbid me to dance. I think you are very sensible not to be taken by every new face. The prince will come some day, my dear, and I am sure he will like you all the better as you are. At the same time, if you found every stranger attractive I should not, therefore, call you giddy. There are girls and girls. There were three new dances out at the time you wrote. I did not care for them at all. Please let me know if you got your delineation.

FRED M. B.—I have just come across your nice letter, and regret that it should have been wrongly put on one side. I suppose it got side-tracked while I searched for the clippings you asked to have returned. They have been mislaid also, but are doubtless destroyed months ago. Sometimes a handwriting is so circuitous that one can find

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as much in six words as is necessary to delineate a character, but the rule is made in regard to scraps to discourage people who desire unfairly to acquire knowledge of their correspondents' peculiarities. I consider it rather dishonorable to send a friend's letter for delineation; because there is no reason why the friend should not send their own original study, unless they object to doing so, in which case it is rather an unfair thing to make use of their letter. Also, letters so sent are frequently blurred and mutilated, names erased, and so on. No graphologist would accept such studies. I have never accepted clippings, even before the rules were printed. I am very sorry to refuse you.

Moral Justice.

A capital sermon and a useful moral inhere in a recent episode in a New York court, as reported by one of the daily papers. We commend its perusal not only to the presiding Judge's colleagues, but to bickering couples in walks of life other than those trod by the simple pair who brought their matrimonial troubles to court for settlement.

"Counsel for Mrs. Hoppe said his client was willing to withdraw the action if Hoppe would promise to be kind to her in the future."

"I'll take care of this case," said Judge McAdam. "Mr. Hoppe, come inside the rail."

"When Hoppe got there the Judge asked:

"Do you love your wife?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"To Mrs. Hoppe, who meanwhile came before him, the Judge said:

"Do you want to live with your husband again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then kiss each other," said the Judge.

"Perhaps she doesn't want to," said the tall husband with the blush of a bridegroom.

"She must want to," said the Judge. "I want to show right here that you can get along together."

"Well, come," said the reassured husband to his wife as he grabbed her firmly about the body and gave her a fervent kiss.

"Now, go out arm in arm," said the Judge.

"She locked one arm in her husband's, caught up her dress with the other, and the plain German couple walked out in great shape."—Illustrated American.

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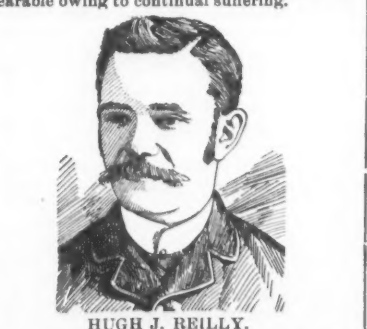
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The thousand of shoppers who patronize the well known establishment of Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Notre Dame street, Montreal, are often served by the affable, genial and painstaking Hugh J. Reilly. In his special department Mr. Reilly has few equals; he is esteemed by his employers, and respected by those with whom he comes in contact.

For many months Mr. Reilly found himself in a condition of health that caused much anxiety to himself and family. His friends could see at a glance that he was not the man he should be. Instead of deriving comfort, pleasure and satisfaction from his daily work, his life was made miserable and almost unbearable owing to continual suffering.



HUGH J. REILLY.

Mr. Reilly, like other men, sought medical advice; he invested considerable money in many of the false and useless medicines of our day, but got no relief. His condition of sleeplessness, nervousness, and general suffering had almost unfitted him for business. Just at this crisis a friend advised him to use Paine's Celery Compound, that wonderful medicine that has wrought so many cures after doctors had given up hope and were unable to save. Mr. Reilly, after a course of Paine's Celery Compound, is well-cured—and cannot find words strong enough to express his gratitude. Mr. Reilly writes as follows:

"I wish to publicly acknowledge the fact that I am indebted to your Paine's Celery Compound for health, strength and life. For over three years I was a terrible sufferer from indigestion, severe pain in stomach and headache. In addition to these serious troubles, I had no appetite or relish for food, and hardly knew what it was to have a full night's rest. This condition of sleeplessness and anxiety made me very nervous and I was fast becoming unfitted for my daily work. After all other medicines had failed, I was fortunately advised to use your Paine's Celery Compound; and now I am delighted to declare that it has no equal in the world for removing such dangerous troubles as I suffered from. I am daily gaining in strength, sleep well every night, and my appetite is good and healthy. I strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who need a reliable and honest medicine, and one that is sure to cure."

HUGH J. REILLY.
42 Agnes street, St. Henry, Montreal.



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ACHE

Asche they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

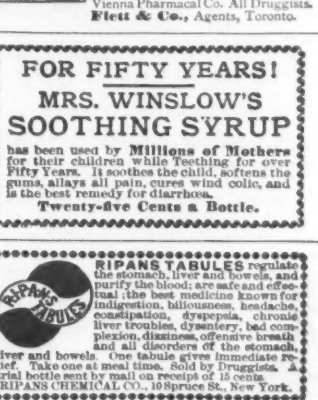
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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

An Explanation.

Gus Snobbery, a New York dude, surprised Mrs. Bondclipper while she was painting a picture.

"Aw, Mrs. Bondclipper, I had no idea you were an artist," said Snobbery.

"I suppose you thought I was stupider than I really am," replied Mrs. Bondclipper in a bantering mood.

"O no, I never for a moment thought you were stupider than you really are. On the contrary, I supposed you were not so stupid, ath you really are."

"I was awfully surprised to see you at the Jimson ball last night, Mr. Barker. I didn't know you knew them."

"I don't. But I kept out of their way. Had an immense time."

Music.

THE first public appearance of the Orpheus Society on Tuesday evening of last week attracted the largest audience of the season, fully two thousand people being present, a number which almost completely filled the spacious Mutual street rink, in which the performance was given. The work chosen by the society for this occasion was one well calculated to test the ability of the orchestra, the quality of the chorus and the qualifications of the soloists. In Rossini's masterpiece, William Tell, the society certainly made an ambitious beginning, for few modern operas, excepting the works of Wagner, present greater technical difficulties or demand greater skill on the part of a conductor and the material under him than the one presented under Signor D'Auria's baton a few nights since.

The work of the orchestra reflected infinite credit upon the conductor. Composed almost entirely of local talent, a few players only having been secured from Hamilton and Buffalo, it is but a simple act of justice to Signor D'Auria to state that no local band has ever approached in artistic merit the work obtained by him from the orchestra on Tuesday night last. Particularly creditable were the magnificent overture and the *Passo a Sei* or ballet movement, which were played with a clear phrasing and expression clearly indicating the artistic influence of a thoroughly cultured and experienced conductor. The recitatives also, and other difficult phrases were played with a precision quite unusual with local organizations.

The chorus indicated a careful selection of voices, in which quality was not sacrificed for quantity. Several of the choruses were effectively rendered, but the vast proportions of the rink demanded a much larger body of tone than that produced by so limited a number of singers, the total strength of the chorus being less than two hundred voices. The many difficulties of the work and an evident lack of sufficient rehearsals with the orchestra also had their effect, preventing the chorus from appearing to the best advantage, the male section particularly being unsteady in attack. In future concerts the society will require to face the problem of materially enlarging their chorus or selecting an auditorium of size proportionate to the forces at their disposal. Several unfortunate disappointments were experienced in the non-appearance of soloists who had been engaged to appear for this performance.

Mr. Wm. Stephens and Signor del Puente were engaged at the last moment to take the parts of Arnold and Tell respectively, roles which were originally intended for Mons. Guille, the famous tenor, and Herr William Ludwig, the well known baritone. Signor del Puente's interpretation of his part may fairly be said to have been one of the artistic events of the evening. His magnificent voice and splendid style created the greatest enthusiasm, it being generally felt that a splendid substitute had been obtained in him. Mr. Stephens, however, was not equal to his task, giving evidence of lack of sufficient study as of a voice wanting in compass and strength to satisfactorily essay the music assigned to his role. Mme. Kronold-Koertt won a decided triumph as Matilda, her voice and style being admirably adapted to the part. Signor Delasco also sang with splendid effect, his rich bass voice being heard to special advantage in the trio for men's voices in the second act of the opera. The other soloists were: Madame D'Auria as Jenny, Miss Elith Miller as Hedwig, Mr. Warrington as Gessler, Mr. J. Hartley Dennison as Luodi and Rudolph, and Mr. Charles Baguley as Hunter. Mr. Warrington, through the abrupt ending of the last act, was deprived of the opportunity to sing. The other soloists all rendered their parts very satisfactorily with the exception of Mr. Dennison, whose opening solo in the first act was unfortunately pitched beyond the compass of his voice. As Rudolph, however, in the later parts of the work, Mr. Dennison sang with much effect, the part being within the range of ability to execute. The concert taken as a whole must be regarded as a very successful debut for the new society and one which should promise great achievements for the future.

The first amateur production in Toronto of the popular comic opera, *Erminie*, was given at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last, before a large and delighted audience. The cast was as follows:

Erminie.....	Miss J. C. Smith
Jacques.....	Miss J. J. Thomson
Cecile.....	Miss E. H. Hine
Princess de Granpoussier.....	Miss Ella Miller
Marie.....	Miss Theresi Rollet
Cadeaux.....	Two Thieves.....
Ravenous.....
Marquis de Pontev.....
Eugene Marcel.....
Chevalier de Brabant.....
Simon, a waiter.....
Dufols, landlord at inn.....
Vicomte de Brism.....
Dr. Lannoy, the captain.....
Sergeant.....

As might have been expected with such an array of talent, a remarkably smooth performance was given, every department of the work being well prepared and admirably carried out. Among the soloists the honors were divided between Mrs. J. C. Smith as Erminie, and Miss Jardine-Thomson as Jacotte. Mrs. Smith's sympathetic voice was well adapted to her role, and in several of her solos she awakened considerable enthusiasm among the audience. Miss Thomson's singing and acting were a feature of the performance, her previous frequent appearances in light opera giving her a freedom of action not possessed by many amateurs. Mention must also be made of the excellent work done by Miss Theresi Rollet and Miss Ella Miller in their respective roles. It would have been a difficult matter to improve upon the *Two Thieves* as represented by Mr. Fred Solomon and Mr. W. E. Ramsay. Mr. Solomon as Cadeaux was irresistibly funny, his acting and singing doing much to direct the general effect of the performance of a suspicion of amateurism. Mr. Ramsay proved an excellent support to Mr.

Solomon, the combined work of the little and big thief creating continuous roars of laughter. Mr. Ramsay is possessed of marked ability both as a singer and actor and would shine to advantage in any professional aggregation. The Simon of Mr. T. A. Baker also calls for special mention. Mrs. Obernol conducted the work with much skill and considerable spirit, and to her superintendence much of the musical success of the performance is due. The choruses were sung with a dash and vim which indicated a great familiarity with the work, the quality of the voices being generally effective as well. An augmented orchestra rendered excellent service in their department, while the staging and costumes were much above the average in amateur productions. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the performance was repeated before large and delighted audiences.

I have received two communications, one from a member of the Toronto Orchestral School, the other from a connoisseur in music, both touching upon Mr. S. T. Church's references in the last issue of *SATURDAY NIGHT* concerning the artistic standard of the last concert given by the school as compared with its previous work. It would appear from these letters that a radical difference of opinion exists between some of the audience and players in the orchestra on one side, and the worthy secretary on the other, concerning the point mentioned. Without enlarging upon the matter or upon points brought forward by my correspondents differing from Mr. Church, it is practically admitted by the managers of the Orchestral School, after two seasons of experimenting, that artistic progress would be impossible were no special technical standard demanded of candidates for admission to the orchestra. A system of examinations has therefore been projected, having in view the higher development of the organization, by which the vulgar idea of numbers will give way to a plan from which we should be justified in expecting artistic results. I sincerely trust that the new policy will compensate the conductor for his arduous labors in the service of the orchestra, and, as stated in a previous issue, also bring into greater public prominence the modest secretary's immense sacrifices in behalf of the enterprise. One of my correspondents, Honesty, seems to have derived some amusement from Mr. Church's reference to the press, etc. His sarcastic references to the liberty of the press as illustrated in much of our local musical criticism, would make interesting reading but for the somewhat personal remarks concerning those professional protesters who bob up serenely at every mild and timid statement of the truth, however kindly expressed, by our local critics. Honesty should remember that this is still a young country and that the matter he refers to will right themselves as the public grow in a sense of appreciation. The numbers who can distinguish between falsetto flattery and honest criticism are gradually growing larger and the press will be likely to keep pace with the procession.

A musical evening was given at the College of Music on Thursday evening of last week by the Intermediate department of the College. The hall was crowded by an interested audience, who gave frequent evidence of their pleasure at the work of the pupils. Pianoforte selections were rendered by Master Albert Jordan, Misses Lettie Heagen, Mabel Hicks, Fodick, Dolina McKay, E. Haworth, May O'Hara, Mabel Bastedo, Rosa Kish, Kingstone, Wilma Powell, and Isabel Turnbull. Vocal numbers were contributed by Misses Gertie Smith, McKinley and Denovan. Miss Hilda Davis and Mr. Selway rendered violin solos and Miss Emmie Brown lent variety to the musical programme through the contribution of a reading. The teachers represented were Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Adamson, Misses Sullivan, Hamilton, Tait, Reynolds, Dunn and Tufford, and Messrs. Fairclough and Donville.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's third piano recital for this season, on Thursday evening of last week, attracted an audience to St. George's Hall which completely filled that cosy little concert room. Mr. Tripp was in excellent form, rendering his programme with much freedom and with an elegance of style which created a most favorable impression on those present. The programme was capably arranged, presenting a well contrasted list of classical and modern works of a somewhat lighter grade than the average of his previous recitals, a wise precaution, by the way, at this late season of the year. Mr. Tripp was assisted by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette, whose excellent rendering of three unaccompanied part songs found much favor with the audience, the same admirable qualities which have marked their previous appearances being noticeable on this occasion also.

The space at my disposal will permit me to refer to only one of the several special recitals held at the Conservatory of music during the past few days, programmes of which I have before me. The most interesting of these was given on Thursday evening of last week by pianoforte pupils of Mr. Edward Fisher, assisted by vocal pupils of Signor D'Auria. An excellent programme of classical and modern music for the piano was rendered by Misses Kathleen Malloch, Ada E. Mulligan, Edith H. Combe, Tilly M. Corby, Jennie E. Haight, Annie Johnson, Elsie Kitchen, Lila Carrs, Elith Barson, Bella Geddes, Mrs. M. D. Barr, and Julia F. MacBrien. The playing of Miss Carrs, Miss MacBrien and Mrs. Barr was specially worthy of favorable mention. Songs were rendered by Misses Elsie Perry, Marie Cavers, Clara Rothwell, and Edith Fitch, the large audience present bestowing liberal applause as a manifestation of their appreciation of the work of the pupils.

Mr. E. W. Schuch, the well known vocal teacher of this city, will hold a summer term during August for advanced and professional students. His success in bringing on some of our popular favorites as singers, such as Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Lilli Kleiser, Miss Maud Beach and Mr. Alfred D. Starrock among others, eminently qualifies him for such work as he contemplates making a specialty in this connection. Mr. Schuch will take a limited number

Had To Be Loud



Penrose Pennington—Say, Mose, ain't dat suit a little loud?
Mose—Yes. It belonged to a man dat was deaf.—Judge.

of pupils for this term of twenty lessons, which will commence on Monday, July 31, and close Friday, August 25, giving five lessons a week for four weeks.

My report of the Orpheus Society's presentation of William Tell was unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue owing to this column going to press one day earlier than usual on account of Her Majesty's birthday.

Belleville.

On Saturday, May 20, Mr. (Dr.) Farley entertained a large number of her friends at five o'clock tea, and again on Friday, May 26. Both teas were given in honor of her guest, Miss Kerry of Montreal. On both occasions the drawing rooms were decorated with quantities of natural flowers, and were lighted by handsome lamps and prettily shaded candelabra. Mrs. Farley was assisted at both functions by Mrs. Daw, Miss Kerry, Miss Kelsa, Miss Bessie Kelsa and Miss Hilda Frost. At the first tea Mrs. Farley wore a handsome heliotrope gown with trimmings of heliotrope velvet and cream lace. At the second she was daintily gowned in a cream and green striped silk trimmed with green velvet and white lace. Mrs. Daw wore a handsome black and white silk with black lace and natural flowers. Miss Kelsa, black dress with mauve silk waist; Miss Bessie Kelsa, cream delaine with old rose ribbons; Miss Frost, black skirt with shot silk blouse; Miss Kerry, a dainty gray gown trimmed with gray silk. The invited guests at the first entertainment were: Mrs. J. J. M. Anderson, Mrs. E. B. Burrell, Mrs. (Dr.) Clinton, Miss Corby, Miss Dickson, Mrs. (Dr.) Eakins, Mrs. and Miss Elliott, Mrs. Corby, Mrs. (Dr.) Gibson, Mrs. James Grant, Mrs. and Miss Holden, Mrs. Jamieson, Miss Jones, Mrs. S. A. Laxier, Mrs. and Miss Mathieson, Mrs. Mendell, Mrs. Masson, Miss Macleider, Mrs. Morden, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Fred Lingham, Mrs. J. McCaig, Mrs. A. F. McCaig, the Misses Neilson, Miss Palmer, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Pole, Mrs. and Miss Parker, Mrs. and Miss Price, Mrs. and Miss Ritchie, Mrs. U. E. Thompson, Mrs. L. W. Yeomans, Mrs. Frank Wallbridge, Miss Clara Wallbridge, and Mrs. George and Miss Walker. Those invited on Friday were: Miss and Miss Kathleen Bell, Miss Biggar, Mrs. R. J. Bell, Mrs. Anderson of Chicago, the Misses Chandler, Miss Caswell, Mrs. (C. L.) Campbell, Mrs. Casey, Miss Eagan, Mrs. N. B. Falkner, Mrs. Hope, the Misses Hope, Miss Henderson, Mrs. and the Misses Hudson, Mrs. (Col.) Lazier, Mrs. Leitch, Mrs. F. C. Lazier, the Misses Lister, Mrs. Mathieson, Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Miss Jessie Nielson, Mrs. W. N. Poulton, Miss Grace Poulton, Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, the Misses Pierson, Mrs. (Dr.) Peters, Miss Proctor, Mrs. W. W. Pope, the Misses Stinson, Miss Starling, Mrs. George Stewart, Mrs. Thomas Stewart, Miss Stork, Mrs. Sewell, Miss Sankey, Mrs. Tannahill, Miss Elith Gerrill, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Miss Wills, Mrs. Webster, Miss Blanche Wilson, the Misses Yarwood and Mrs. Yonker.

Mrs. Harry Corby, gave a small party at her residence, Ballwood, on Thursday evening May 18. Mrs. Corby wore a handsome black silk gown with black lace trimmings. The Misses Corby who were gowned in cream and red ably assisted Mrs. Corby. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. U. E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. James Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Miss Kerry of Montreal, Miss Clara Wallbridge, Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Morden.

On Wednesday, May 24th, the Catholic church of Frankford was the scene of a happy gathering, when Miss Minnie Power was united in marriage to Mr. J. Nugent, of Ypsilanti, Mich. The marriage ceremony was performed at half-past eight by Rev. F. Connolly, and was followed by the regulation nuptial mass. The bride wore a handsome travelling gown of lawn broadcloth trimmed with shot silk, and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Maud Power, of Belleville, was gowned in pearl-gray and wore a picture hat of cream lisse and plumes. The ushers were Mr. Y. P. J. Power, of Belleville, Mr. Will Doyle, and Dr. McCaig. After the ceremony the wedding guests repaired to the lady's home where a *recherche* breakfast was served. Mrs. Nugent was one of our sweetest girls, and owing to her kind and gentle disposition had hosts of friends, which was evidenced by the large number of gifts she received. Mrs. Nugent is quite an heiress, and in this case love and wealth go hand in hand.

Dr. Dolan and Mr. Frank Foster spent the Queen's Birthday in Toronto.

The Earth is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly monotonous as it shrinks year by year to smaller and smaller dimensions under the rapid movement provided by limited passenger trains and swift ocean steamships."

The New York Central, by the introduction of its Empire State express, has perhaps to a greater degree than any other force on this continent, aided this shrinking process. It is now possible, by taking this fastest train in the world, to breakfast leisurely at your home or hotel in New York, and dine in Buffalo or Niagara Falls, almost 450 miles away, at your usual hour. Toronto people can leave Union Station at 7:50 a.m. and connect with this train at Buffalo, reaching New York the same evening at 10:30. Apply by mail to Edison J. Weeks, general agent New York Central, Buffalo, N. Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.

In Great Demand.

Lawyer—Do you know where that sign of mine is, "Back in Ten Minutes?"
Boy—Yes, sir; the lawyer next door borrowed it a few minutes ago. He said he was going to the ball game.

A Rouser.

Employer—What! On time? This is the first time in a month. Have you bought an alarm clock?
Clerk—No; a folding bed.

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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

amongst the strange bed-fellows I found, material for more than a passing sketch. As I passed over the road in a Pullman car I could not but smile complacently at the wonderful difference between the two trips. Of course the scenery was unchanged, but it looks vastly different when one sits in the cushioned seat from what it did when I sat on the front of a hand-car, holding my legs up to keep from stubbing my toes against the ties. In neither case is it very interesting, except at the points where the road passes over great gorges and rapid rivers. In the neighborhood of Jack Fish Bay and Peninsular Harbor the wonderful engineering work in constructing trestles and tunnels cannot fail to interest even the languid traveler, and from that to Port Arthur one has less of the great desolation of rock and scrubby pine and more that is mountainous and grand. From Port Arthur on I slept, for there is not much of interest; indeed, there is little of interest to make one regret being forced by darkness and weariness to pull down the blind and visit dreamland. From Winnipeg west it is a great ocean of prairie which grows painfully monotonous as the day fades into night, and day again comes without much if any change. Of course there are restful farms and pleasant streams, but there is a weary sameness, grandly relieved as the prairies begin to rise into mountainous billows of green, as they break upon the mountains like giant waves upon a shore. Everywhere one sees the deeply beaten paths along which the buffalo once fled in search of water. Even when fields have been ploughed and wheat bends with heavy heads of ripening grain, these furrows are not less distinct, and the ploughman will seek in vain for many years to come to remove the marks left by the shaggy herds which once inhabited the plains.

After leaving Calgary one wakes to see the break in the mountains in which Banff, with its curative waters and handsome hotels, is situated. Then the mountains grow in grandeur, and when the Glacier House is reached one stands a pigmy amidst mountains which tower up into heaven itself. Remembering the songs of childhood of "Heaven above where all is love," one begins to reckon if it be so cold a mile and a half above where we stand, how awfully cold it must be ten or a hundred miles higher, and wonder seizes upon us as to when the meridian is reached where it begins to get warm enough for heaven to be habitable. The snow was only about fourteen feet deep at the Glacier House when we visited it in April; probably in January it may have been forty; at any rate, the glistening glacier on the mountain is quite as deep as that all the year round. I should like to be there when it breaks away; that is to say, I should like to be where I could see it, not with any view of obstructing its passage but hoping to see whether it would carry away any mountains or not. I have been through the Alps, and the Rocky Mountains a thousand miles further south, through the Sierra Madre; I have gazed with awe at Popocatepetl and Orizaba, but at the Glacier House one stands amidst an army of mountains much grander and as much more impressive as is an army compared with one soldier. As we pass out into the valley and creep over vast trestles, there is height and depth, mountains of snow, with millions of pine trees worshipping at their feet, singing always that song of glory to that which is high and mighty, for you know that pine trees always have a song and the song of the pine tree on the mountain side is more worshipful and less mournful than that of the pine tree in the forest on the plain.

The trip through the mountains is not merely a glimpse, but it lasts all day long and becomes an experience. The same mountain is seen from half a dozen points of view. As the train crawls up the side of a canyon, that which otherwise would become a monotony of grandeur forms itself into a series of pictures which have an ever-changing expression as varied as the many phases which the human face takes upon itself the longer we gaze. Frowning cliffs have a look of contemptuous surprise as the train with its load of human mites creeps past. Ten minutes further on, steep declivities look gravely down; a waterfall presents itself and a great mist of clouds shrouds the peak. This seems to be the tearful side of nature's grandeur, but one awaits in vain the phase of a mountain's character that is gay and laughing; the merry waterfalls and trickling rills and singing streams are all in the valley. As nature rises far above the places accessible to man, it has always a stern and duty-compelling atmosphere. But where one strikes the supreme agony of mountainous nature is in the Fraser canyon. Of course a train is just as safe, if not safer, on a solid bed of rock as on the mountain side, with a precipice reaching hundreds of feet below, as it is upon the plain, yet the situation impresses one with the value of accident insurance and cautious trainmen. The roaring river fights its way madly through a gorge much too narrow for its necessities; the mountains tower above, and the cataracts pour down from so great a height that the particles of water separate themselves in sheer flight and begin to float upon the air as we imagine the soul does when it leaves the body, all adding to the grandeur and mystical awfulness of mountain scenery which is perhaps equaled nowhere in the world, which is not approached by scenery in any portion of the world that I have visited. Nor is it merely a glimpse that you get of this, but miles, and scores of miles, the car now and then darkened as it passes through a tunnel, thus adding the deeper impression of not only being suspended between wave and sky, but of passing through the bowels of the earth and suggesting to every mind which has a touch of mysticism in it the strange and perhaps tumultuous transition from this existence into another.

Crawling one's neck the mountain tops are seen; banding low from window or platform there is that agony of effort that the water is making to reach the sea; everything is im-

mense, stupendous, grandly, sublimely awful—and so much of it. My friend, the High School Trustee, expressed the utilitarian phase of it that "this country seemed to be overstocked with water and rocks."

After passing through the Selkirk there are long green valleys with flowers lifting their blossoms into the cool April air, surprised to find that spring had not come, though they had waited for more than a month for the accustomed warmth of welcome. The spring was late on the coast, and full of the memory of the mountains I wondered was the spring late and cold when the world was waiting for those mountains to be born, for the Laurentian hills, with which we are all much more familiar, had stretched their low rocky lines above the waste of waters and had begun to give shape to the great void long before the glacier began to accumulate its snows and the canyon of the Fraser had been torn through the heart of the mountains.

After the exit from the mountains the western way is not unusual except in the luxuriance of the verdure and the evidences of how quickly nature restores the forests which have been leveled by whirlwinds, fires or volcanic shocks. Trees a hundred feet high tower exultingly over prostrate rivals, and buried still further down the tree of a century ago lies rotting slowly beneath the weight of the one that laughs in the soft winds of the Pacific that it has found a place to stand upon the bosom of one that had been great. Thousands of acres are being reclaimed in these river valleys, where there are no trees, and soon it is to be hoped the man who is willing to till forty acres of ground and make more money at the task than the farmer who is tilling a thousand acres further east, will employ himself.

DON.

Kingston.

The second production of Pinafore by the talented amateur company of Kingston took place on Tuesday evening of last week in the Opera House, for the benefit of the family of the late Gunner Marsh. Under the same skillful management of Mrs. Betts and Messrs. Medley and Telgmann it proved a magnificent success artistically and financially, and will be reproduced in Napanea shortly.

Mrs. J. J. Salladin of Fulton, N.Y., who has been visiting here all the winter, returned home last week.

The Pinafore company had a most enjoyable evening of dancing, etc., at Mrs. Betts' music room on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. P. Hart of Ottawa is visiting her mother, Mrs. Brannigan of Princess street.

Alick H. D. Ross, M.A., of Queen's, has accepted a good position on the teaching staff of the Collegiate Institute of Victoria, B.C., and has consequently given up his proposed trip to Alaska with a Government geological survey party.

Miss Gates of Kingston is visiting friends in Gananoque.

W. Barrow, traveler for Flett, Lowndes & Co., Toronto, is home for a few days' visit.

Dr. Macdonell, who was drowned on Sunday afternoon while boating on the river, was buried on Tuesday at St. Mary's cemetery. Drs. Anglin and Minnes represented the students of Queen's, and several of the professors also were present.

Brockville.

The one lady in Brockville who is possessed of a bicycle feels lonesome and is patiently hoping that ladies here will follow the example of their Toronto sisters and take to the wheel more generally; and they will have to if they wish to keep up with their own and other girls' brothers.

The Epworth League gave a farewell social to the Rev. H. Cairns, who is about to leave town.

Mr. Fraser, the Westmeath millionaire, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Chas. E. Fulford of this town has returned from California, where he spent the winter, and he leaves for Leipzig in a few days. Mr. Frank Temple of Los Angeles is a guest of Mr. Fulford.

Mr. George T. Fulford, who has been spending the winter in London, England, and Mrs. Fulford, who has divided her time between the sunny Mediterranean and London, are at New York, en route home, having come over on the Campana.

There is a flutter of excitement over the At Home to be given by the lady governesses in aid of the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brennan of Ottawa are guests at Mrs. G. R. Webster's.

Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs of Woodlands are guests of Mr. W. Martin.

Mr. Allan T. Miner of New York, for the eighth successive year, has come to enjoy the fishing to the north of us.

Dr. Chamberlain of Toronto is paying us a short visit.

Goderich.

The gentlemen of Goderich gave a large and most successful assembly in the town hall on May 22. The music, decorations, supper, etc., were all that could be desired, the last being furnished by J. Smith, confectioner, West street. As usual, the ladies looked charming. Particularly noticed were: Mrs. Logan, cream silk Empire gown, en train; Mrs. McCormie, red corded silk en train; Miss Donagh, pink silk en train; Miss Watson, yellow silk; Miss Flo Doyle, apple green silk; and Miss H. Donagh, pale blue silk. Among others present were: Mrs. Brayley of Toronto, Miss Myers of Montreal, and the Misses Cattle, L. Cattle, Lawrence, Evans, Walton, Ball, Fio Ball, Grace Polley, H. Polley, A. Doyle, McKay, Emma Campbell, J. Shannon, Wilkinson, M. Martin, Nellie Stratton, and Ferguson of Goderich, and Messrs. H. Ball, C. Shannon, B. Smith, Thomas G. Henderson, Dr. S. Hunter, G. Nairn, T. Nairn, Whitley, McLean, T. Gundry, Bissett, Robinson, C. Garrow, Lee, Lawrence, Logan, and other popular and well known ladies and gentlemen.

Miss Effie Elaine Hext gave a charming elocutionary evening, with poses in Greek costume, last week. She was assisted by local

talent and the entertainment was most enjoyable.

NUBBLES.

Sweet Memories.

Mrs. Nuwed (nestling closer to his side)—Oh, George, I'm so glad we came over this road! There are three of the longest tunnels imaginable a few miles further on.

Mr. Nuwed (blissfully)—And how does my ladybird know?

Mrs. Nuwed—How do I know? Why, this is the very same road we went over when Charley Freshleigh took me to the Sunday school picnic last year!

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Howe Skeeper—You have given up your house I understand, and gone boarding. How do you like the change?

H. O. Tell—I like it immensely. Why, I feel that I am now the equal of every servant girl I meet.

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Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin *de chimes*, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

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The Portrait.

Continued from Page Two.

again I would gladly die. Now that I have found my little girl, I have something to live for. But tell me about her. Tell me what you have learned of her life. You say you are going to marry her."

"Yes, she is my promised wife. I am the happiest man in the universe."

"And to think that it is my little girl, my Bertha. Well, well. But I am glad she is going to marry you, instead of some reckless devil who might wreck her fair young life. But tell me about her, I say, for you must have learned a great deal while you were spooning, aye, you sly dog, and it strikes me you lost no time over it either. So tell me all you know, or I shall not give you my consent."

It took some time for Martin to give a detailed account of all he knew concerning his fiancée.

"But you say Colonel Smith adopted her," said the professor, as Martin paused in his narrative. "Now why did he not communicate with her grandfather? He must have seen this letter, and he could have sent the child to Cincinnati."

"Well, it seems he did communicate with Major Gordon, but the reply he got was to the effect that the major had married again and did not wish to be encumbered. He disowned his daughter and would have nothing to do with her child."

"A very affectionate father I must say, but I should hate to pattern after him," exclaimed the professor bitterly.

"Colonel and Mrs. Smith had lost a child of their own," continued Martin, "and when they found that Gordon would have nothing to do with Bertha they adopted her."

"God bless them! But Bertha, what do you think of her?"

"Think of her! Why, I am going to marry her. She is my promised wife."

"Oh, yes, certainly; and of course you think the world of her, eh, doctor?"

"Well, that hardly expresses it. I worship her."

"Good. I am glad it is so, and I say take her, my boy, and may God bless you both. But now listen. I am about to tell you something that will surprise you. Since I last saw you I have fallen heir to a large fortune in England. An uncle of mine has died and as I am the only living heir the estate has passed to me. I am now the Earl of Wickford and a wealthy man. How does that strike you?"

Martin's reply was characteristic of him.

"For you and Bertha I am glad," said he, "but for myself I certainly am not."

"Why, how is that?" exclaimed the professor in surprise.

"Well, you see, it puts Bertha on a level above me. It makes her an heiress and a member of a society from which my circumstances preclude me. It is true that I have a comfortable income, but my position is only that of a practicing physician, while yours is that of a peer of England. Had I known this before I should not have been quite so presumptuous."

"Oh, tut, tut, man. You are too proud altogether. This is all foolishness. Why, you are a better man than I am any day. You have brains, my boy, and you know how to use them. What you want is brass, for a mixture of brass and brains will carry you a great deal farther than plain brains alone. Now to my notion, the only aristocracy worthy of recognition is the aristocracy of the mind. There are far more people without titles and social position deserving of honor than there are with them. So don't you be foolish."

"Well, I presume you are right, Professor, but I must say that I am glad I gained Bertha's consent to be my wife before I knew of this."

"You think it looks better?"

"No, I don't mean that. What I mean is this: She will know that I want her for herself. I despise a fortune hunter. I want a companion, a helpmate, and I would marry her if she had not a cent in the world."

"And you would be worthy of her if she were a prince's. Now don't be foolish, doctor. You have won her fairly. She is yours, and this little difference in circumstances need not trouble you in the least. Now, I want to tell you my plans. This letter gives no evidence that my wife is dead. If she lives I must find her. With the date of the letter to serve as a clue, I shall go to Cleveland and search the hospitals for a record. This may lead to her present whereabouts, should she be alive. Meanwhile, I must meet my daughter. You can arrange this for me, and I shall depend upon you. Remember that I am very impatient. I must see her before I leave for Cleveland."

The professor rose to go.

"I shall prepare her for the meeting at once," said Martin as the two shook hands.

"Above all things, doctor, try to make her believe that I am not such a character as that letter suggests."

"Oh, certainly; she shall understand that the Earl of Wickford is a gentleman."

That evening Mrs. Horton's parlor was occupied by Bertha and her father; he in a large chair, she upon a low stool beside him, his hand in hers, her head resting against his shoulder, both gazing into the fire before them.

"And now, father," said she, breaking the silence that had ensued for a short time after their meeting, a silence in which they reviewed the past in order to compare it with the joy of the present moment, "tell me of my mother."

"Of your mother, child?" said he, with sadness in his voice.

"Yes, dear father, tell me what she was like. Tell me—of her disposition—her looks. Oh, tell me anything—everything. Only talk of her and tell me what you will."

"She was like you, Bertha; ah! so much like you. Look in the mirror, child, and imagine you see your mother as she was then, for you are her very image. Then your low, sweet voice and your gentle, loving manner remind me so much of her that I seem to be living twenty years ago."

"Ah, father, you must have loved her truly."

"Loved her, Bertha—loved her! Why, she was so much to me it seemed that the light of my life had been suddenly snuffed out. Aye, my child, I did love her truly, though my actions belie me. Listen, Bertha; it was the first time I had ever touched a drop of liquor, though I cannot say it was the last, for when I

found that she was gone, and that she had taken you with her, my brain ran wild, and I strove to drown my grief in drink. I had nothing to live for, and I wished many a time that I could die."

"My poor father."

"But I did not blame her. I knew how terrified she was of an intoxicated man. Poor girl, she had braved many a hardship with me and for me, but she could not brave the trials that befell the wife of a man who drinks. At that time we were living in Cleveland and it was very hard for me to make a living. I had tried many things but had succeeded best as an actor, and for some time I played one of the leading parts in an opera company. Your mother, who had a very fine soprano voice, was the prima donna of that company, and received quite as much pay as I did. Things went very nicely for a time. But our company suddenly broke up, on account of financial difficulties, and we were left to shift for ourselves. Your mother and I tried the concert stage for a time but failed to make it p-y, and we gave it up in sheer discouragement. Then it seemed that fate was against us, and one night in a despondent mood I did that which wrecked our happiness. From that night to this I have never seen or heard of your mother. I finally went to New York city and joined an opera company that was fitting out for the road. After a rather successful tour through the States we came to Canada. Here fortune was against us, and on reaching Toronto our company broke up. I liked the city, and concluded to try my hand at teaching music, so I stayed behind while my companions went back to the States. I have been in Toronto ever since, and am known as Professor Van Zandt."

"But why did you change your name, father?"

"Well, as there is luck in odd numbers, so is there luck in an assumed name. I found it so, at least. There was something in the name Van Zandt which gave me distinction, and I think I succeeded better with that name than with the name I had made myself known as Barker. Besides—"

At this juncture they were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Martin.

"Pardon my intrusion," said he, "but I have some good news for you both, and I could not wait a more reasonable hour."

"Good news?" exclaimed the professor in surprise.

"You are always welcome, Richard, whether you have good news or not," said Bertha, advancing to his side to put her arm lovingly through his and lead him to a chair beside their own.

"It will not be necessary for you to go to Cleveland, Professor."

"Why, what do you mean, doctor?"

"Well, I might as well tell you first as last. Your wife, sir, and your mother, Bertha, is here in Toronto."

"What is that you say? My wife here in Toronto?"

"My mother in Toronto," exclaimed Bertha, with an expression of happiness in her beautiful face. "Oh, Richard! oh, father!"

"There is no doubt about it, for I have spoken with her, and she will be here this evening."

"But why did you not bring her with you, Richard?" said Bertha.

"That was impossible. She cannot come until a later hour this evening, or rather tonight. But she will come, for Roberts and his wife will bring her. I am here before them to prepare you for her reception."

"But how did you find her?" said the professor.

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale. Roberts gave me the clue. He had come down to the Grand this afternoon to buy tickets for the opera tonight. You know that Madame Zeleska is advertised as the prima donna of the company. Well, as Roberts passed to the box office, he discovered in a large frame near the entrance doorway the photos of the principal singers, with a large one of Zeleska in the center. As he looked at the photograph of this celebrated prima donna, he recognized its resemblance to the portrait in my study. He immediately came to me, and pocketing the photo which had served as a prototype for my painting, we went back to the Grand Opera House to compare the pictures. The one I had was a *fac simile* of the one at the theater. We then learned that Zeleska was stopping at the Roscoe House; we called upon her, but she was sleeping at the time and could not be disturbed. We called again at six o'clock, and we learned that Madame Zeleska is none other than Mrs. George Barrington Barker, your wife, Professor, and the mother of my sweetheart. Well, to make a long story short, we arranged that after the opera she should accompany Roberts and his wife here. Now, I think this is one of the most remarkable little episodes I ever had anything to do with. First, I take a fancy to a photograph, and I have a portrait made of it; then I meet a lady whom I resemble, and with whom I fall so desperately in love that out of sympathy for me she promises to become my wife; subsequently I find her father, then I find her mother, then with the assistance of some very good friends I bring about a happy restoration, and then—"

"And then, Richard?"

"Well, then I marry the girl and am the happiest man alive."

"And you deserve to be, Richard, for you have made us very happy indeed."

As Martin finished he observed that Mrs. Horton had entered and was standing beside them, with a pleasant smile upon her not unbecomely features. Bertha sprang impulsively towards her and embraced her.

"Dear Mrs. Horton," said she, "do you know—have you been told?"

"Yes, dear, Richard has told me everything, and I am so glad that it is all turning out so nicely."

"It is the hand of Providence, Mrs. Horton," said the professor in a solemn voice. "Nothing else could have brought about such a remarkable reunion."

The rumbling of wheels was now heard approaching the house. With an exuberant thrilling of the pulses, Bertha and her father awaited in joyous expectation. Presently there were voices in the hall, then Mrs. and Mr. Roberts entered the parlor, and with them came the beautiful and accomplished Madame Zeleska. Bertha could restrain herself no

longer, and with outstretched arms she sprang forward.

"Mother!" she cried, throwing her arms about Madame Zeleska's neck.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Madame Zeleska. And after a separation of twenty years Bertha was clasped in the loving embrace of her mother.

THE END.

Cricket Notes.

THE cricket season has now fairly begun in Toronto and judging from the increased membership of the clubs the game is gaining fast in popularity. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that this is the case, for if cricket is slow compared with baseball and lacrosse, it has advantages over these two games that are the sure channels to popular favor and which in part account for the singular fascination it exercises over all who have ever taken it up. One is the sociableness of the game. During the time that the members of the batting side are waiting for their innings they have opportunities of chatting with their friends, and of making or renewing acquaintances which baseball, football or lacrosse players do not enjoy. An instance which well illustrates this occurred at Orillia during the county match between Simcoe and Ontario some three years ago. Six players on the Simcoe eleven who to all intents were perfect strangers when they went on the field, discovered that they had all played cricket together years before, and I dare say that hardly a match takes place without incidents of this sort occurring. Another advantage which cricket possesses is that it is the game of young and old alike and the palm is not always carried off by the younger players. Dr. W. G. Grace is fifty years of age and he is the best exponent of the game to-day. Neither is the game confined to the sterner sex. Ladies' elevens are not unknown and I have seen and taken part in some very jolly matches in which the fair sex gave the men, who had to bowl left-handed and bat with clubs, a good game.

Toronto v. Rosedale was a trifle disappointing, neither club being fully represented; a great pity in a match of such importance. Rosedale did not make much of a stand against the bowling of Laing, McLaughlin and Terry, who took 4 wickets for 27, 2 for 21, and 3 for 10 respectively. The wicket in the early part of the game was decidedly in favor of the bowlers, a statement which is not meant to cast any discredit on the Toronto trundlers. Laing is in splendid form this year. He has great command over the ball and alters his speed and his pitch in a way that shows he is using his head. McLaughlin bowled well but he has not the same command over the sphere. Terry's analysis of 3 for 10 shows that the old Somersetshire man was well on the wicket. Bowbanks 19, Ledger 8, Dr. Stevenson 11, Forrester 8, and Brewer not out 8, were the only men who made any runs at all for Rosedale. The first four are well known cricketers in Ontario, and comment upon their play is needless. Brewer, however, is a new man. He is an old Eton boy, and has played for his school. He is a strong, free bat, playing forward with plenty of vigor and has that knack of effecting late off drives that gives a man a tremendous advantage and enables him to bother the field tremendously. His forward play was a treat, he puts so much steam behind it—a thing which many batsmen appear afraid to do—and when playing back his bat comes down as straight as a die. Several times Laing appeared to beat him, and the ball passed perilously close over the balls; even then Brewer's bat would drop as straight as a die, covering as much of the wicket as possible. His innings of 27 in the second half of the game was very good. For Toronto, Laing and Terry opened the game, and a grievous disappointment awaited the spectators, for Terry was clean bowled by Lyon's first ball. McLaughlin then joined Laing and matters grew lively. The old 'Varsity boy played steadily, but his tall partner let out and made the hit of the day, lifting Lyon right over the grand stand and out of the ground, a beautiful stroke. Laing retired, having made 16 out of 20, and then Saunders joined McLaughlin, and the pair brought the score up to 108 before a dissolution of partnership was effected, when McLaughlin was retired with 34 to his account, a well played and steady innings. Then a change occurred and the remaining wickets fell for about nine runs, Saunders playing a not out innings of 54, which included 6 fours and 5 threes. Two things were noticeable, and they were the number of off and leg balls that escaped punishment. Dr. Stevenson and Lyon divided up the wickets pretty well, the former taking 3 for 31 runs, the latter 4 for 47. The second innings of Rosedale realized 117, of which Brewer made 27, Lyon 27, Ledger 25, Dr. Stevenson 12, and Hardy 11. Matters were very lively for the time these batsmen were in, and after that the team dropped away. The five men mentioned compiled 102, and the other five, 15. Ledger's cutting was very pretty indeed. This player uses his wrists more than any other man on the Rosedale eleven. I noticed one thing on Saturday which ought not to be allowed. During the second innings of the Rosedale club, the Toronto fielding went all to pieces at times. True, the match was over, but the opportunity for field practice was not; besides, it is a mistake to play bad cricket. Better not play at all. The same thing occurred on the 24th, when Toronto and Trinity were playing, and a gentleman who came on the ground during the second innings of Toronto said: "What wretched fielders the Trinity men are. They don't deserve to win a match. The gentleman only saw part of the game and he carried away a poor idea of Trinity's work in the field through their own fault."

'Varsity defeated Parkdale on the grounds of the former on Saturday afternoon in a single innings game, 91 to 66. For the winners Alison put up 38 in capital style, playing with great patience until the opportunity came to smash one away over the bowler's head. Casey (sic) also put up 24, not out, for 'Varsity, in a faultless way. He is a left-hand bat, who doubles down to his work not unlike Dr. G. B. Smith of the East Torontos, but with much

freer cutting power. He takes his block within a foot of the wicket and seems to drop on a shooter after it has passed him—a most tantalizing way of treating a bowler. Pope batted effectively, but at 9 was given out on one of those decisions which never suit both sides. The bowling of Nicol, Pope and Allison was good all through the game. The former, for his weight and stature, bowls a very swift ball with a tendency to shoot. His delivery seems to strain him and he would probably weaken before the end of a stubborn innings, but he didn't weaken on Saturday, for he mowed down the last wicket in fine style. Notwithstanding the bowling, Parkdale should have overtopped 91 with the batting eleven that went to the wickets, almost every man being an old reliable double-figure getter. A. E. Black unfortunately put one back to Nicol when he had six and retired. Leigh, Lyall, Delafosse, Cheney and Webster failed to come off. G. N. Morrison, that old-time giant of cricket, whom Parkdale has induced to come out from his retirement of several years, put up 16. Want of practice caused him to sky two or three balls, but nevertheless he demonstrated that he has not lost the cunning of his nimble wrist, for he gave some lightning touches that amazed the spectators. I am not afraid to predict that before Dominion Day he will put up a half century in his old international form. Dean made 14, including three fours in succession, and Joe Clark carried his bat for 12. The latter also took the bowling honors for Parkdale, getting seven 'Varsity wickets for 33 runs; of these seven wickets six were clean bowled and only one caught. It was an off day for Leigh all round, and his bowling did not win wickets, and apparently the team did not include a change bowler likely to do any better. Delafosse, Webster, Lyall and Morrison are all good change bowlers, but none of them were in practice. The 'Varsity second eleven were billed to play the Parkdale juniors on the Exhibition lawn but failed to turn up or send word. Had it been known that this match was off, Artie Chambers, a promising junior who put up 52, not out, against Trinity a fortnight ago, would have played with the seniors and relieved Leigh of the bowling when the ex-professional early in the game discovered that his eye was out for the day. This is a point of grievance advanced in the daily papers against the 'Varsity cricketers.

The statement that 'Varsity is weaker this year than last is a rather off-hand statement and remains to be demonstrated. In my opinion 'Varsity will give Trinity a game worth seeing. If one has lost Casey Wood, the other has lost Grout, so that each have suffered in proportion. Wood was never relied upon by 'Varsity for a score, although he sometimes panned out when runs were most needed. On the other hand Grout was not only Trinity's star bowler, but he was always depended upon for one of the leading scores and seldom disappointed expectations. If anything then, Trinity has suffered the greater loss.

Trinity's annual At Home on the 24th was, as usual, a great success. The Toronto cricketers arrived about 10.30 a.m., and by eleven the match was fairly on its way. At one p.m. an adjournment was made for lunch, very tastefully served by the steward in the dining-hall. Play was resumed about 2 p.m., but the Torontos proved too much for the wearers of the red and black and won by about 14 runs. Goldingham (31) and A. F. R. Martin (22) were the chief scorers for Toronto, while Fleet (15) made top score for Trinity. During the afternoon music was furnished on the terrace by Glendon's orchestra, and later on in Convocation Hall, where a few lighter spirits enjoyed dancing for a short time. Harry Webb attended to the inner man, and on the whole all seemed to enjoy themselves. Trinity went up to Hamilton on Saturday, May 27, and scored a very creditable victory over the Ambitious City cricketers. H. B. Robertson, for Trinity, made the top score with 56 not out. After the match the Trinity team were dined by Mr. Edward Martin, G.C., at his residence, Ballanahinch.

Next week I shall give a thorough write-up of the annual 'Varsity-Trinity match, criticizing to the best of my ability the batting, bowling and fielding of the individual players. This will be the big feature, although the other games of the week will be discussed.

D. G.

Resenting a Personal Reflection.



Men Are Too Blind.

Mrs. Slimpurse—It's all nonsense to talk about managing a husband by silent appeals to his good nature. It can't be done. If you want anything you've got to say so right out. You know that horrid old summer hat I've worn for two seasons?

Miss Makenbitt—Yes; and I suggest that you quietly put it on and let him see you wearing it.

Mrs. Slimpurse—That's just what I did—exactly what I did; and when I proposed to walk down town with him he said: "I'm afraid all this finery will make my old clothes look shabby."

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